

T H E
ENTERTAINER;

Containing great Variety of

Instructive Entertainment,

F O R

Persons of every Age, Rank, or Degree.

Collected by CHARLES TELL-TRUTH. K

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:

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The



T H E
ENTERTAINER, &c.

On the Advantage of SOCIETY.

Self-love and social at her Birth began,
Union the Bond of all Things, and of Man.

IF we reflect on the Nature of the human Species, we shall be convinced that all Mankind were originally designed by the great Creator for social Creatures. For can we imagine that Man, above all other Animals, is born the most indigent, helpless and abject; our mutual Dependence on each other is, therefore, one of the first Things we should know, and be convinced of: And, consequently, we ought to assist and relieve one another, and promote the happiness of every Individual as far as is consistent with Truth, and the Dictates of right Reason. Can we suppose, that the Supreme Being bestowed upon us the wonderful Faculty of expressing and communicating to others our Ideas by Sounds, for no Purpose; is it reasonable to think that Man ought to live in Solitude, and expect Happiness only from himself? in

B

other

other Parts of the Creation, the wisdom of Providence has done nothing in vain. The use of Words was not given us to converse with Brutes; for they neither understand nor improve them. It is therefore evident, they were designed for mutual Intercourse of the human Species; besides, the same Passions are common to all Men; Love and Hatred, Hope and Fear, Pleasure and Pain, are the same in every Individual, who acts conformable to his Nature. This Likeness in our Desires, must necessarily attract us, and create in us such an Esteem for each other, that nothing but unnatural Dispositions, or the greatest corruption, can dissolve. Let us suppose a man banished into the remotest wilderness, without the commerce, the company, or the friendship of his fellow-beings; how dismal must his condition be! he may, perhaps, find means to continue his existence by taking such animals as the desert affords, and by gathering such fruits and vegetables, as the earth spontaneously yields: but his life must be a continual scene of horror and despair; no friend to converse with; no mortal to defend him from the ravenous jaws of the savage inhabitants of the forest; no physician to administer the salutary productions of nature when pain and sickness make their approach. In short, he would be so far from arriving at happiness, that he would scarce desire to support his existence, and even court the King of terrors, to terminate at once, his sorrows with his life. Since choice, as well as necessity and conveniency, should induce all men to unite and form societies, it is the indispensable duty of every individual to become a useful member, and contribute all in his power to promote the happiness of the whole. In order to this, before we embark in any action, we should reflect on the consequences which must naturally flow from it, by imagining it to have been already done by another

ther: And we shall immediately be able to judge of the modes, of pleasure or pain it will give others, from the manner of its affecting ourselves. To a reasonable being nothing brings pain but vice, or pleasure but virtue. This precaution must tend to promote benevolence, friendship, and honesty among mankind; whereas the not observing it, subjects us to the tyranny of our passions, to gratify which, men frequently become faithless, cruel, dishonest, and traitorous. We are convinced that men must live in societies, and, in order to live happy, it is evident, they must be virtuous, since nothing else in our power can mutually secure us; human beings are so circumstanc'd that they should love, assist, and protect each other. The great end of our being is happiness; it cannot be supposed, that the omnipotent author of nature intended any being should be inevitably miserable. Human happiness is always proportional to the perception we have of ideas or things; that is, the same object may give a higher degree of happiness to one person than to another; but no degree of human happiness can subsist without society: men, therefore, enter into societies for the mutual happiness of each other, and every individual should enjoy the advantages resulting from such a union, by regulating all human actions by some standard or law. In childhood the laws of action naturally flow from the modes of pleasure or pain, which sensible objects impress on their tender organs. Those of men fundamentally arise from the former, but with this difference, that the reasoning faculty, now grown strong by experience, determines these things to be good or evil, in the same manner, in which she before affirmed, this, or that, to be pleasure or pain. Hence it is evident, that the spring of action is the same; both in the mind and in the body; for that which is evil to the mind, is by the same rule painful to the body: and that which is truly

pleasing to the body, is also good to the mind. It is therefore evident, that the ideas of good and evil are naturally evident to the mind, by the assistance of reason. The very laws of property may be examined by these first principles of pleasure and pain. While we are infants, we are subject to the law of our senses; when we are men, to that of our reason. And, therefore, unless we abandon reason, the very characteristic of our nature, we must regulate our actions by her precepts. Tho' man has a freedom of will, he is not, on that account, lawless, and at liberty to commit whatever outrages or violence his wicked appetites suggest. The will, as well as the appetites, are the servants of reason, and should be governed by her, as she is by her own laws; we may, therefore, rationally conclude, that men should live in perpetual obedience to some law; and, as the law of reason is the most suitable to human nature, it is consequently the most eligible. The immutable will of the supreme being is a kind of law which he has imposed upon himself: those immense orbs, which regularly move thro' the system of the universe, have motion and gravitation, attraction and repulsion, assign'd for their laws; and man has reason. And it is reasonable to think that the same oeconomy runs thro' all the beings in nature. From what has been said, it evidently appears, that societies are not only the source of happiness, but also absolutely necessary; and that they cannot subsist without some law. Nor should man, notwithstanding the loud demand of his passions, think himself enslaved for living under the dominion of reason, since the great creator regulates his conduct by a law, which from the unchangeableness of his nature, has subsisted from, and will continue to all eternity.

*Of Trade, and the Excellency, Advantages,
and Antiquity of Commerce, with an A-
count of the Mystery and Art of Wea-
ving.*

TR A D E is what every body talks of, but few understand ; and in its ordinary acceptation, not sufficiently explain'd. These are the words of a great writer upon the subject, whose definitions are worthy of observation, where it is particular to a place, it is called trade, when general, it is commerce, when we speak of it as the effect of nature, it is product or produce, when as the effect of labour, it is manufacture. In it's management it is the same : So when we speak of it in the gross, it is wholesale : when of the particulars it is retail ; when we speak of nations, it is called correspondence, when of foreign import only, it is called merchandizing. It is the same also in the manner, when we exchange goods it is called barter ; when we exchange coin, it is called banking, and negotiating. And therefore those are called bankers, and our great national treasure of commerce, is at this day called the bank. The distinction of the general heads of home Trade, by two plain terms of labouring and dealing, is very natural. The labouring part includes all arts, handicrafts, and manufactures, and those who are employed in such works are properly called mechanics ; tho' this name is sometimes taken with less latitude, and confin'd to those who are employed only in the more curious kinds of workmanship. But if we take it in the lowest Sense, it includes all who are concerned about the first principles of trade, as the product of land or sea, or of the animals living on both : In a word, the ordinary produce of

he vegetative, and sensitive life ; such as metals, minerals, and plants, the immediate use of vegetation ; or such as flesh, skins, hair, wool, silk, and whatever else grows with, or is produced by animals as the effect of sensitive life. Under the dealing part, is included the handing about the several productions of art and labour, when finished by the mechanick, and made useful to mankind. These are distinguished into several classes, as the merchant, the wholesale shop-keeper, the retail shop-keeper, and the pedlar who travels about with a licence ; who all in their way contribute to the circulation and disposal of our products and manufactures. And this gradation in the ranks of dealers make the highest of them, that of the merchants, much the more honourable among us, as carrying with it an idea of great wealth, and extensive influence ; for in the old testament we read, that these inspired penmen speaking of the merchants of *Tyre*, called them princes, and so they may at this day be justly stiled Princes of the Earth. Industrious trading, and honest dealing is of such use that it is reported of some pedlars, particularly those in *England*, who has begun with selling pins and needles about the Streets, and afterwards by carrying a pack, has acquired a fortune sufficient to set up a ware-house, and become himself a wholesale dealer, and after continuing in that employment a number of years has died worth five, ten, or fifteen thousand pounds. Having made this observation in honour of the merchants, by shewing how eminently he is distinguished in the order of dealers, it is observable, that the latter name includes all who are concerned in the conveyance of the works of nature or art, from place to place, or from one country to another, as the necessities or conveniencies of the people call for them. And this intercourse is carried on upon such terms and conditions, as the parties can agree upon among themselves ; but generally

rally with respect to precedent, or what others have agreed upon in the same circumstances which is therefore called a market-price. Thus in general, we may understand by the word trade, whether it be carried on by the general medium of all exchanging, called coin or money, or by actually bartering the produce of one country for that of another. Sometimes it happens, that the mediums of trade with a people is not coin, they having none among them, nor much knowledge of it's use; yet this medium, whatever it be, may then have the name of money, because it answers the same purpose of coin, which is what is generally understood by that word. Thus the Shells of the *Maldivia* Islands, called cowries, are money in the African trade; because the negroes take them in lieu of gold, silver, or any other metal stamped or coined by art with some distinguishing impression. Manufacturing and dealing do thus comprehend all trade in it's natural and original situation. As to the other divisions, and distinctions of terms, which have been above explained, they serve only to express the particular parts of trade, for which purpose they have been introduced by men of art, and legitimated by custom, and length of time, to distinguish things according to the variety of their produce, mechanism, and distribution. We have another general term, that comprehends whatever is the subject of trade in the most extensive sense, that is, the word goods, by which is meant all the several sorts, whether of manufactures or products, that the greatest dealer in the world can be supposed to deal in. It is a contraction of the words good things, things of use and convenience, or delight and fancy; upon which one man sets a value, in proportion as they are wanted, or sought after by others. For example in retailing, we say; such a shop is well furnished with all sorts of goods: In the wholesale trade such a dealer has his ware house well filled with

goods. In house-keeping, all the furniture of the house are called the goods, or the household goods: In merchandizing, such a Ship was laden with bale goods, and in the *East India* ships, after the bulky goods (for so they call the pepper, salt-petre, red earth, tea, and such like) are taken out, it is said, the rest of the loading was made up with piece goods. Thus we see that a very few particular words might have sufficed for all the purposes of trade, had it not been found convenient as trade increased, and branched out into a number of Species, to add some others for making our thoughts at once more distinct. Thus it is intimated in the dealing art, by going from the pedlar to the merchant, and it might be so in the labouring part, as indeed by custom is every day done. For those concerned in the lower employments, in works of the first necessity, and most obvious use, are generally stiled labourers, and not unfrequently the labouring poor, husbandmen, fishermen, miners, and the drudgers in several productions of nature or art, are properly included in this class. We generally call workmen or handicraftsmen, those who perhaps do indeed labour as hard as the others, but then have some degree of art mingled with their industry, something that requires particular teaching or instruction. Hence the people of this rank go thro' some apprenticeship or servitude, in order to be qualified either in right or ability for the following such particular occupations, and besides this servitude, which is the strictest admitted by our laws, the parent or guardian usually gives a sum of money to the master in proportion as the craft is more or less painful or profitable. Over both these are the masters or overseers of such employments; as the farmers, among others, over the labouring man, and over the mechanicks, the clothiers, weavers, and workmen in stuffs or metals of all kinds, we have the name of master added to the
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particular name of the crafts or calling. Thus we say master carpenter, master mason, master clock-maker, and so on thro' all the distinct working employments. But superior to all workmen are esteemed the dealers before distinguished, especially the highest classes of them. When we read in the scripture of cunning workmen, we may be sure that something like those distinctions existed in those early days.—Commerce is the most solid foundation of civil society, and the most necessary principle to unite all men of whatever country or condition they are: It is the bank of plenty to every part of the world. By it the trading part of all nations seem to be one body incorporated; and the riches of every trading town and place circulate into the hands of the poor, industrious and distant traders. By this our necessities, conveniencies, and pleasures, are supplied from the most distant shores: Every region is amazed to find itself abound in foreign productions, and enriched with a thousand commodities, unknown to itself; but promoting it's welfare and serving to make life more agreeable. Without commerce the greatest and wealthiest monarchs and states can make no figure; are neglected and despised by their neighbours; and in the midst of throngs of courtiers, and in the centre of riches and pleasures, they find no security and continuance of those blessings, if they are not supported by trade and commerce. Where these flourish, the industrious poor add grandeur to the state, and our merchants live like princes, and provide the sinews of war against the most daring attacks of our enemies. Could we be supplied with the spices and precious stones of the *East*, and the riches and medicinal drugs of the *West Indies* without commerce; not to mention the number of hands that are employ'd to cloath and nourish every individual of the human species in this land, and to furnish and adorn every little cottage in the nation; our health and safety

at home and abroad depend on, and are preserved by the skill and industry of the advent'rous merchant.——Should our commerce be once obstructed, the honour and respect due to our sovereign would be tarnished and lost, and we must fall a sacrifice to tyranny and ambition. Hence it is evident that both rich and poor, the powerful and weak, kings and subjects, have a mutual dependence on each other, for the demands of life, the poor not being able to live without the rich, who pay them for their labour, and protect them in the enjoyment of their property, nor the rich without the poor, who make all things needful for them, fill their granaries and cellars with corn and wine, and with much difficulty and danger extract their riches from the bowels of the earth. Should we endeavour to trace the antiquity of commerce, we must date its origin amongst the first offspring of *Adam*. There is no doubt but as soon as there were separate societies, they assisted each other with the necessaries and conveniencies of life. It is more than probable that *Cain* bartered his corn and fruits of the earth with *Abel*, for skins and fleeces, for cloathing, milk, and, perhaps meat for his table. Soon after we read of *Tubal Cain*, who as he was solely employ'd in works of copper and iron, must be supposed to exchange his metal works, made for the various uses and occasions of life, for other merchandizes necessary to feed, cloath, and to cover himself from the inclemency of the weather. So that notwithstanding the universal desolation by *Noah's Flood*, the *Ismaelites* and *Midianites* carried on a great commerce by caravans with *Egypt* in the days of *Jacob*, for spices, aromattick goods, and other rich commodities, which they brought in *Gilead*. But this commerce, which at first we read, was carried on by land-carriages, as the world grew more populous, and the nations spread to a greater distance, introduced water-carriage or navigation.

as the most convenient means of uniting all mankind. Thus the *Egyptians* on the *Red Sea*, and *Phœnicians* on the *Mediterranean*, being most commodiously situated for this purpose, divided the commerce of the *East* and *West* among themselves. The *Egyptians* imported whatever they could collect from the *Indian* shore, and the *Phœnicians* became the exporters, transacted all the trade for *Egypt* and the neighbouring nations, and carried their merchandize to all distant places, that bordered on the sea. And the early flourishing state of that narrow and poor tract of land, in which *Tyre* and *Sidon* were situate, is a sufficient proof to what a height of glory, power and wealth, a nation is capable of raising itself only by trade. It was not long before their trade inspired them with more distant views. They being now become the mart of trade for all the earth, and supplied with a good fleet of merchant-men, built of wood from mount *Libanus*, pass thro' the *Mediterranean* by the streights of *Gibraltar* into the western ocean, and establish a trade with regions unknown, on the right and left. This not only improved their commerce and navigation, and so enriched the *Tyrian* merchants, that they thought themselves equal to princes and crowned heads, but it drew such great numbers of strangers to *Tyre*, with a view to make their fortunes by trade, that they were soon in a capacity to send out several distant colonies, and built the famous city of *Carthage*; which in a short time vyed with *Tyre* for traffick, and surpassed it exceedingly in extent of dominions, and military expeditions. Trade had given it birth; trade enlarged it; and trade put it in a condition to dispute the empire of the world for many years with *Rome*: And the citizens of this trading town were so sensible of their own advantages by commerce, that they neither spared pains nor expences to bring navigation to perfection. Their young people heard and talk'd of nothing

thing but merchandize, accounts, ships, and voyages ; and an address in commerce was a kind of inheritance in families, and the best part of their fortunes. Nor had they ever been overcome had they not ambitiously prefer'd the glory of arms to that of trade ; and exchanged the pacifick disposition of merchants, for the ruining art of war. It is certain it cost *Rome* very dear to subdue *Carthage* ; two bloody and doubtful wars ; one of twenty three, and the other of seventeen years : But even then she had scarce been overcome, had the *Romans* not deprived her of the means of trade ; and she been obliged to diminish the numbers of her traders to supply troops, and to recruit armies ; and to turn her merchant-ships into transports for soldiers, and store ships for the utensils of war ; and to elect officers and generals of armies out of the wisest and most successful merchants. *Alexandria* rose to such a degree by commerce after the ruin of *Tyre* and *Carthage*, that they were soon forgotten. *Ptolemy Philadelphus* employed four thousand merchantmen in this port, under the convoy of one hundred and twenty sail of armed galleys of an extraordinary size ; and the customs of this port, on importation and exportation, amounted yearly to more than three millions of pounds sterling. We might add to this account of commerce, after it was transferred to *Corinth*, *Rhodes*, *Marseilles*, and to many other cities ; but these examples are sufficient to shew the advantages of a well-settled and conducted trade to any people and nation, and that nothing can hurt it so much as war ; which has always been the ruin of commerce. It may be inferred, that as commerce appears to be one of the parts of government capable of contributing most to the riches and plenty of a state, it should in a particular manner merit the attention and encouragement of princes and their ministers. For, as war necessarily introduces tumult, disorder and desolation,

solation, and carries trouble and confusion along with it into all places; and, on the contrary, trade and commerce breaths nothing but peace and tranquillity: That king who truly loves his subjects, and desires to enrich them, will do all that is in his power to make traffick flourish amongst them, by granting them all the supports they have need of, to carry their schemes into execution, and by easing the fair trader from inconvenient, burthensome and useless regulations. So that it has been a just observation, that a wise and well inclined prince never otherwise intermeddles in commerce, but to banish fraud and bad arts from it, by severity; he always leaves the profit of those, that have the trouble of it, being well convinced, that he shall find sufficient advantages from that trade, which brings so great riches into his dominions. I have carefully examined the accounts of duty paid in this port of *Dublin*, and find that the sums arising from importation and exportation amounts from the beginning of *June*, 1758, to the latter end of *March*, 1759, the sum of one hundred and seventy six thousand, three hundred and sixty seven pounds nine shillings and eleven pence importation, and four thousand two hundred and twenty three pounds nine shillings and six pence exportation.

And concerning the mystery of weaving, it may be said to be as ancient, as any of the arts after the world began to be peopled; for tho' skins and furs may be allowed to make up the common garments of the antediluvians; and it may be after the flood, to the days of *Nimrod*, who of a mighty hunter, became the first emperor; yet we can hardly doubt, but his form of government, that so manifestly tended to civilize mankind, to bring them under proper laws, to unite them in one interest, and to raise in them an emulation to promote the publick good, and to establish all the conveniences of life, did amongst

amongst and almost prior to any other arts, attempt that of the weaver ; as their inventions would naturally be prompted to grace and adorn their own bodies. Thus, in a short time after, we read of the *Babylonish* garment, of a curious workmanship ; and therefore it is a proof of what is here advanced upon sufficient grounds, that the art of weaving is at least, as ancient as the reign of *Nimrod*. And tho' it must be confessed to be very much improved by the present generation, yet we may remember, the fine linen manufacture of *Egypt*. This was their wealth, their main and chief employ, a national business, the manufacture and staple of the country, on which she chiefly depended : And the reason of it's being so infinitely, and incredibly populous ; for when *Nebuchadnezzar* invaded *Egypt*, he found 20000 towns and cities, some of which were very great and populous, inhabited by a numerous people, enriched with weaving and needle-work. From *Egypt*, no doubt this art was carried into *China* and the *East Indies*, where it was found in a most flourishing state, at the time the *Europeans* penetrated into those seas. And if we would trace it's original nearer home, our surest method will be to date it's travels thro' the state of commerce, which was first carried on with all the known world by the *Egyptians* and the *Tyrian* merchants, whose rich manufactures, in silk, linen, and cotton, were not only exported into *Greece*, *Africa*, *Italy*, and other distant nations ; but the art of weaving them also spread with their Colonies as far as *Carthage*, &c. and by degrees among other people, whose interest, curiosity, and necessities, inspired them with a desire to manufacture their own produce of silk, hair, cotton, flax, and wool. It was not many years after this dispersion of the art of weaving, that the *Italians*, who love to wear thin cloathing, contrived to import unwrought silk from the *Caspian Sea*, and wove it in their own countries :
and

and at length, found means to bring over the very worms themselves that produced those silks; and the mulberry trees on which those insects live. Thus the south parts of *Italy* learned to feed the silkworm, and produce silk; and *Genoa*, *Milan*, *Mantua*, and other parts to the north, furnished innumerable hands to manufacture and weave those silks, and their other products of cotton and hair, and their merchants supplied all *Europe* with those commodities for many ages. However some people were less diligent and curious in this art than their neighbours, for tho' the people of *England* abound most with wool, and it has always been called the staple or chief branch of our national trade; it is very certain that their forefathers were contented to be no more than wool combers; and sent it to be spun and woven by the *Flemish*, till the reign of *Edward* the 1st. who may with great propriety be called the patron of *English* weavers, and the founder of their woollen manufacture. — Since that happy event, this art has been constantly encouraged by the legislature, and always improving and extending itself by the industry and invention of the subject. But what has added so much lustre to, and advanced the *English* silk-weaving to so much reputation, as it at present obtains throughout the world, was the vigilance of our late King *William* the third, who invited, received and established among them, the best artists from abroad in the mystery of weaving, great benefit accrues to every individual by this art: Man, woman, and child, from the prince, to the meanest subject, are cloathed and in some degree distinguish'd by it, and it is as evident, that our trade and commerce would presently sink, were we deprived of the means of carrying it on. The several branches into which this art is extended, would soon convince us of this truth; when it is certain, upon a moderate computation, that in the one article of ribbons, no less than five thousand

thousand looms are continually employ'd in the *English* nation only, and that the merchants in that single branch, return one million five hundred thousand pound *per annum*, and forasmuch, as there is scarce a female in the *English* nation, but contributes some small share to this consumption, without knowing how their ribbons are so curiously wrought; and as the principle, on which this art is founded, is capable of being improved by the ingenious, when it is laid before them, and it may be extended to other good advantages and purposes.

Remarks on the glory of a Nation, it's great Advantages, and the manner of acquiring it.

THE glory of a nation, which depends entirely on it's own power, forms the most considerable part of it. It is this shining advantage that procures the esteem of other nations, and renders it respectable to it's neighbours. A state whose reputation is well established, and especially that whose glory is illustrious, is courted by every foreign power. They desire the friendship of it's sovereign, and are fearful of offending him. His friends, and those who wish to be of that number, favour his enterprises, and his enemies are intimidated from shewing their malice. It is therefore of the greatest advantage for a nation to establish it's glory and reputation, and consequently it becomes one of the principal duties it owes to itself. True glory consists in the favourable opinion of men of wisdom and discernment. It is acquired by virtue, and by the great actions which are the fruits of it. A nation may merit it by a double title; first by the actions it performs in it's national character, by the

the conduct of those who have the administration of it's affairs, and are invested with it's authority and government ; and secondly, by the merit of the individuals of which the nation is composed. A Prince, a sovereign who owes every thing entirely to the nation is doubtless obliged to extend it's glory as far as in his power. His duty is to labour for the perfection of the state and of the people, who have submitted to him : By this means they will obtain a high degree of reputation and glory. He ought always to have this object in view in every thing he undertakes, and in the use he makes of his power. Let justice, moderation, and greatness of soul, shine in all his actions ; for by this means he will procure to himself and his people a name respected by the world, and not less useful than glorious. Besides the virtues which are the glory of Princes, as well as of private persons, there is a dignity and decorum particularly belonging to the supreme rank, and which a sovereign ought to observe with the greatest care. He cannot neglect them without degrading himself, and stamping a blemish on the state : Every ray emitted from the throne, ought to bear the character of purity, nobleness, and grandeur. What an idea do we conceive of a people, if we should see the sovereign in public acts shew any disagreeable sentiment, with which a private person would think himself dishonoured ; all the majesty of a nation resides in the person of the prince ; what must then become of it if he suffers it to be prostituted by those who speak and act in his name. The reputation of private persons is diffused on the nation, from a manner of speaking and thinking equally common and natural. We attribute, in general, a virtue or vice to a people, when that vice, or that virtue, is frequently found among them. We say that a nation is warlike, when it produces a great number of brave warriors ; that it is learned when there are many

many learned men among the citizens ; and that it excels in the arts, when it produces a great variety of able artists : On the contrary, we call it cowardly, lazy, or stupid, when more men of such characters are observ'd in it than elsewhere. The citizens who are obliged to labour with all their power to promote the welfare and advantage of their country, owe not only to themselves the care of preserving a good reputation, they owe it also to the nation, whose glory is so capable of being influenced by theirs. Many learned men have done honour to their country, and greatly served it by the glory they have acquired : Great ministers and famous generals have served their country in a double capacity, both by their actions and their glory. On the other hand, a good citizen will find a new motive to abstain from every dishonourable action, for fear of reflecting disgrace upon his country ; and the prince will not surely suffer his subjects to abandon themselves to vices that may throw infamy on the nation or even tarnish the brightness of its glory : He has a right to suppress and to punish scandalous enormities, which do a real injury to the state. Since the glory of a nation is so great a benefit, it has a right to defend it as well as other advantages. He who attacks it does it an injury ; and it has a right to demand, even by force of arms, a just reparation. We cannot therefore condemn those measures sometimes taken by sovereigns, to maintain or revenge the dignities of their crown. They are equally just and necessary ; when they do not proceed from too high pretensions, the attributing them to a vain pride, is shewing ourselves greatly ignorant of the art of governing, and despising one of the firmest supports of the grandeur and safety of the state.

A description of a ship tak'n by Sir John Burgh named the Madre de Dios or Mother of God, 1592. one of the greatest ships belonging to the Crown of Portugal, which he safely brought into Dartmouth, in England, on the 7th. of September in the same Year.

THIS ship was in burden no less than 1600 tons, she carried 32 pieces of brass ordnance, and between six and seven hundred passengers; was built with decks, seven story, one main orlope, three close decks, one fore castle, and a spare deck of two floors a-piece. According to the observations of Mr. *Robert Adams*, an excellent geometri-
cian, she was in length from the beak-head to the stern, 165 foot, in breadth near 47 foot; the length of her keel, 100 foot; of the main-mast 121 foot; its circuit at the partners 11 foot; and her main-yard 106 foot. Her lading was valued by Sir *Walter Raleigh* and Sir *John Hawkins* to six hundred thousand pounds sterling.

A Description of a ship built by King James the first.

IN the Year 1610. King *James* the first built a most goodly ship for war, the keel whereof was 114 feet long, and the cross beam 44 feet in length: she carried 64 pieces of great ordnance, and was of burthen 1400 tons. This royal ship was double built, and was most sumptuously adorn'd, within and without, with all manner of curious carving, Painting,
and

and rich gilding, being in all respects the greatest and goodliest ship that ever was built in *England*; and this glorious ship the King gave unto his son *Henry Prince of Wales*; the 24th. of *September*, the King, Queen, Prince of *Wales*, Duke of *York*, and Lady *Elizabeth*, with many great Lords, went unto *Woolwich*, to see it launched; but because of the narrowness of the Dock it could not then be launched: Whereupon the Prince came the next morning by three o' clock, and then, at the launching thereof, the Prince named it after his own dignity, and called it, the *Prince*. The great work-master in building this ship, was master *Phineas Pet*, Gentleman, sometime master of arts of *Emanuel College* in *Cambridge*.

To Commodore Brett, 1760.

I 'VE heard thy Fame brave *Brett*, go boldly on,
Exert your force until the war be done;
In a short time your matchless courage shall
Promote you to the Post of Admiral.

To Captain Brett, of the Lyon man of war, for his gallant behaviour.

WORTHY the high distinction shewn,
When *Anson* made thy cause his own;
If fighting be our fleet's design,
A Flag must very soon be thine.

Abstract

Abstract of an act of Parliament concerning coals. The citizens of Dublin having been in great distress for want of said commodity in the latter end of the year, 1760. to the month of April, 1761.

2 *Ann. sess.* 2. *c. 8. pars.* **N**O owner or keeper of any gabbard or lighter, within the port of *Dublin*, shall keep on board his gabbard or lighter any coals, longer than 8 days at farthest; and every such owner or master shall hire out his gabbard or lighter by the day, and not otherwise, under the penalty of forfeiting for every such offence 40s. to be recovered before the Lord Mayor, on conviction of the offender, by the oath of one or more witnesses; one moiety to the informer, and the other to the poor of the parish, where such offence shall be committed, to be levied by sale and distress of the offenders goods, by warrant of the said Lord Mayor. — The Lord-Mayor may cause all or any of the said gabbards laden with coals to be opened and brought up to the publick quay, and there to be sold at the fairest price that can be had for such coals. — The Lord-Mayor, Recorder, and 6 senior Aldermen of the City of *Dublin*, and the Minister and Church-Wardens of the parish where the coals are, or any 4 of them, whereof the Lord-Mayor, Recorder, or one of the said Aldermen to be one, may, at any time of the day go into the cellars, or other places, where coals are or shall be bought, and laid up in any quantities, in order to be put to sale, and, may view the same, and order the said coals to be expos'd to sale, at such rates as they, or the major part of them shall think fit. — If any person shall refuse entrance or not obey the orders and directions of the said Lord-Mayor, &c.
about

about the premisses, as aforesaid, for every such offence, he shall forfeit 5*l*. the one moiety to the poor of the parish, where such offence shall be committed, the other to the prosecutor, to be recovered before the said Lord Mayor, Recorder or any two justices of the peace of the said city, in the presence of the party; or in his absence, he being first duly summoned, and if any person shall refuse to sell such coals at the rates set thereon by the Lord-Mayor, &c. Then such coals shall be sold at the said rates, by such person as the said Lord Mayor, &c. shall appoint, the money to be paid to the owner of such coals, or in his absence, to those empowered by him; which sale shall be good and effectual in law. — If any person shall think himself aggrieved by the price of coals so set, as aforesaid, he may appeal to the chief governor and council for the time being, who may redress the same as they shall think fit.

The above act is made perpetual by 6 *Ann. c. 12.* 1 *Geo. 2. c. 21.* If any person, bodies politic or corporate shall enter into any unlawful combination or agreement for enhancing the price of coals, such person being convicted on information or indictment shall, for every such offence, forfeit 5*l*. to be recovered in the Kings Bench, Common-Pleas or Exchequer, by information or action of debt, one moiety to the person who shall sue for the same, the other to the Minister and Church-Wardens for the use of the poor of such parish, to be accounted for by the person who shall recover the same, in the same manner as money levied for the use of the poor of the parish is accounted for, in which information or action, no protection, essoin or wager of law shall be allowed. No retailer of coals, shall keep, for measuring any sort of sea coal brought into any harbour or port, any half-barrel, bushel, half-bushel, peck or half peck, but such as are of the following dimensions, and contain the following

following quantities, and shall be sealed by the clerk of the market, (*viz.*) every half barrel 24 inches diameter in the bottom, and 25 inches and a half in the top at least, and contain 20 gallons *Winchester* measure; every bushel 20 inches diameter in the bottom, and 21 inches in the top at least, and contain 10 gallons of the like measure; every half bushel 15 inches diameter in the bottom, and 16 inches in the top at least, and contain 5 gallons of like measure; every peck 11 inches diameter in the bottom, and 12 inches in the top, at least, and contain 2 gallons and half of like measure; every half peck 10 inches diameter in the bottom, and 11 inches and half in the top at least, and contain one gallon and a quarter of like measure; upon pain of forfeiture of all the coals otherwise sold or exposed to sale by any retailer of coals, and double the value thereof to be recovered by any person before the chief magistrate, who shall call the parties before him, and hear and determine such complaints on oath: And upon proof thereof to his satisfaction, shall convict the offender, and give warrant to levy the forfeiture, one moiety to the prosecutor, the other to the poor of the parish.

Of Candid Readers.

A Perfect judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ:
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind.
 Nor lose, from that malignant dull delight,
 The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 Avoid extreams; and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much;
 At every trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shews great pride, or little sense.

Those

Those heads or stomachs are not sure the best
 Which nauseates all, and nothing can digest:
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move,
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
 Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
 His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
 Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.
 With mean complaisance ne'er betray your trust,
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
 Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.
 Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame,
 Still pleas'd to praise; yet not afraid to blame:
 Averse alike to flatter, or offend,
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend. —
 'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
 But good translation is no easy art:
 For tho' materials have long since been found,
 Yet both your fancy, and your hands are bound;
 And by improving what was writ before,
 Invention labours less, but judgment more.

A character of a Critick.

A Critick is a compound of some learning, little judgment, less wit, much conceit, and abundance of ill nature, who wanting true merit, aims to raise a reputation, not by his own performances, but by others failings, which he takes more pleasure to expose, than he does to mend, and reads an author as much in search of his faults as a wise man does of his knowledge. He is one that is not wise but would fain be thought so, his head is a meer house of correction, his brains are the register of other mens faults, and his tongue the

the unmerciful scourge that punishes them. He is the store-house of other mens infirmities, where seldom any thing is taken notice of to the advantage of an author, but to his prejudice. They are the meer wasps of the age, who are furnish'd with unlucky stings, but yield no honey. They think they cannot give greater demonstrations of their learning, than in publick to disparage such persons, who have ten times better parts than themselves, foolishly believing whatever they detract from others, they add to their own reputation; and fancy every stain or blemish they can give to an ingenious man's character, is heightening their own merit.

Happy the author whose production finds,
His sole applause from just discerning minds,
Such honest fame bestows,—and next to these,
The scorn of Blockheads—is the richest praise.
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows.

Swift from the first, and every moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her
wings.

Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size,
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies,
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste,
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast:
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:
Millions of opening mouths to fame belong,
And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue,
And round with list'ning ears the flying plague is
hung;

She fills the peaceful universe with cries,
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes :
By day from lofty tow'rs her head she shews,
And spreads thro' trembling clouds disastrous news :
With court informers haunts, and royal spies,
Things done relates, not done she feigns, and min-
gles truth with lies :

Talk is her business, and her chief delight
 To tell all prodigies, and cause affright. —
 Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was; nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In every work regard the writer's end,
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause in spite of trivial faults is due.

On the Sea.

WHO sings the source
 Of wealth and force;
 Vast field of commerce and great war!
 Where wonders dwell;
 Where terrors swell;
 And *Neptune* thunders from his car.

YOUNG.

When we behold the great deep, without track, or without limit, we may well stand amazed, at the courage of those, who first dared to commit themselves to its unknown bosom, and to pierce into its pathless regions. *Horace* is of opinion, that the first adventurers must have had hearts of oak, or rather of tripple brass, their attempts were judged no less presumptuous than dangerous since the ocean was esteemed by the ancients as the insuperable barrier, and grand separator of different nations, formed by the deity * on purpose to secure kingdoms from the attacks and insults of each other. A notion so very far from the truth, that the sea is the sole connecter of distant nations; and to it we owe, at once, all the advantages of commerce, much of the improvements of science, and the knowledge of the

* See *Hor.* Ode 3. Book 1st.

glorious

glorious gospel. By means of this liquid vehicle, vessels of the largest burthen are borne along with the utmost ease from clime to clime, from sun to sun; thus the rich produce of the East is poured into the storehouses of the North; and the inhabitants of every quarter of the globe, not only hold intelligence, but mutually exchange their commodities, and gain a supply of more than every want in life. Hence what abundance of wealth rewards the anxious and industrious merchant: What a happy provision is afforded for the thousands and ten thousands whom the demands of commerce continually employ. Thus our inferior brethren are engag'd in useful labour, and become the strength, and sinews of the community; who if relaxed from the honest engagements of industry, most probably would corrupt in indolence, and be either the perpetual annoyance, or the speedy destruction of the public welfare and peace!—How graciously hath the wise Creator of all things provided for the well-being of his people, where not only plenty crowns our peaceful plains, but the golden wings of commerce waft blessings on every gale! Happy, thrice happy we of these three kingdoms, may the tender mercies of him, who is omnipotent, still preserve thy invaluable blessings to us! And while amidst the horrid sound of distant arms, and the melancholy cries of ravaging desolation, we hear only the pleasing voice of firmest union, fullest glory, and compleat prosperity,—may we be wise, gratefully to acknowledge the bounty of the giver; and may our sons, by every worthy and laudable virtue, by the work of humanity, and the love of religion, engage to themselves a continuance of the Almighty's protection. — When neither Sun nor Star; when neither land nor land-mark are to be seen; when all is sea and all is sky: nay, when neither sea nor sky are to be discerned, when all is darkness and tempest; the infallible guide of the load-stone

holds out its kindly assistance, and informs the sailor where to steer his course, the load-stone which has given to navigation its perfection, and enabled the undaunted sailor to traverse the globe. —

From how small and inconsiderable causes doth the omniscient creator produce the most important effects! who would conceive that a mineral should tend to such extensive utility! but we may observe that in nature, as well as in grace, the mighty master, as it were to teach men humility, and to deride the vast efforts of human power, thus constantly acteth using the mean and apparently contemptible things of the earth, to confound, as we are told, the strong and the wise. Great and many are the advantages derived from the sea, considered as the grand vehicle of commerce, the source of national wealth and industry; but let us not omit to observe, that thus not only the riches of nations are communicated; thus also the riches of the gospel of *Christ* may be, have been, conveyed to us, are conveyed to distant climes, and they who sat in darkness and the shadow of death, are revived with the light of his heaven descended truth. *America* can witness this; whose realms, were obscured with darkness, not less black than that which invests the tawny inhabitants; but now the day-spring hath arisen to enlighten, and I wish we could say, hath perfectly enlightened these benighted climes. — How terrible to hear the dreadful tempests roar; to see the blue lightning glare; to behold the mountainous surges beat uncontroul'd; to view the shattered crashing mast, with horrible confusion torn away; to see death entering at the fatal leak; to sink — irrecoverably sink into the fathomless abyss — emblem of that eternity, whence there is no return — how dreadful thus to sink: — without one reasonable hope of acceptance with him, who is to determine our condition, irreversibly in that eternal state: — One moment's reflection certainly must be sufficient

sufficient to awaken in every man's mind an attention to this most interesting of all concerns to human beings : — must be sufficient surely to engage our naval commanders, and all those who go down to the sea in ships ; and see the wonders of the Lord in the great deep, to act in so consistent a manner, that christianity may derive some advantage, from their voyages ; or at least not to be reproached and reviled amongst the heathen ; to whom we sincerely wish, no real cause had ever been given ; to whom we earnestly pray, that no future cause may ever be given to say — why should we become christians ; are they better than we ; they lie, they swear, they steal, they cheat, they indulge their lust ; they are drunken : — tell us then, why should we become christians ; wherein doth their purity or morality excel our own.

———And thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thy self,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Thompson the elegant poet, quoted above, calls the ocean, with much propriety a secret world of wonders ; no man can contemplate this great and glorious object, unconvinced of the justness of his expression : For surely, while we stand upon the shore, and behold the vast billows of the boundless main, with impetuous and ever restless tumult ; proudly rolling along ; while we stretch our wondering sight over the immense world of waters ; survey the rocks and rising cliffs, which surround the shore, or the firm and level sand, which gives limits to this seemingly uncontrollable element ; while we reflect upon the animal as well as vegetable productions of the ocean, infinite in number, and less in variety ; and when we consider the prodigious advantages arising from this connecter of

the universe. — Advantages, in which we of these nations are peculiarly interested ; — we cannot fail to admire the wisdom of him, who separated the waters from the dry land ; and who, superlative in power, ruleth this roaring monster with all the facility of command : Saying, hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. And as the ocean hath lately obtained an accession of honour, and is become, (according to the opinion of many) the grand and universal physician, and on that account, it is not only visited more generally, but more highly esteemed, — for what so worthy our esteem, as that which is the means of imparting health, the choicest of human blessings, and without which no other can be a blessing. For what disease or evil is supposed unconquerable by this universal medicine. None we hope, who have tried it lately, have found it inefficacious ; we would indulge a beneficent wish, that it may have been the secondary cause, at least, of kindling up the glow of a roseate beauty in many a pale and lovely cheek ; of restoring many a languid nerve to it's vigour, and of blessing many a family, by the return of the parent or a friend, in all the liveliness of health. The saltiness of it's waters is the first thing which we may imagine will strike every observer of the ocean. This is so peculiar a circumstance, that no man can pass it over unheeded ; and careless remarkers are apt in the haste of their thoughts, to conceive, that this particular is an objection to the wisdom of the Creator, since a supply of fresh waters so near at hand would preserve the lives of numbers who cross this perilous main. But so far is this from the truth, that the possibility of sailing would be removed were not the waters salt : It is well known that no cold or illness arise from a total immersion in salt water, and a total neglect of your self in consequence. Hence the honest seaman so often dash't and covered
with

with the brimny waves, feels no inconveniencies, and receives no damages. Besides so immense a body of waters, the common sewers of nature, would putrify and corrupt, if they were not strongly impregnated with saline particles ; and at the same time in that perpetual motion, and restless agitation ; which the waters of the sea continually experience. They never are still, never at rest, and thus by their saline quality, they are secured from any internal principle of corruption ; by their incessant perturbation they work themselves clear from every adventitious defilement. A directory this, and a pattern for me, says a writer. — Thus may divine grace, like the penetrating power of salt, cure the depravity of my heart, and rectify the disorders of my temper ; season my words, and make all my conversation savoury. — Thus may a continual course of activity, in every vocation prevent the pernicious effects of indolence ; let me daily exercise, or be attempting to exercise the graces of christianity, lest faith become feeble, lest hope contract dimness, and charity wax cold. When all other waters are fresh but those of the ocean, all other waters which owe their rise to the ocean, and are conveyed from it's boundless treasury, thro' the bowels of the earth. — No reasonable man can suppose, that those of the ocean were, without design impregnated with salts ; and especially, when he beholds the utility, the necessity of this provision which various other particulars might prove, he will acknowledge, that this also hath God done ! But see the waters come rolling in upon us ; waves dash over wave, curling it's foamy skirt ; billow rises over billow, and rolls with regular and irresistible impetuosity to the shore. The tide is coming in, and the tide furnishes us with a fresh spring of admiration. Every day this immense collection of waters, for the space of five or six hours, flows towards the land ; and as it were unsatisfied with her

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station,

station, no sooner reaches it's destin'd height, but it begins again, almost instantly to retire to it's inmost caverns ; taking up about the same time in it's retreat as it required for it's access. Philosophers tell us, this is owing to the gravitation of the earth, and the attractive influence of the moon. So says the poet,

'Tis thine bright *Cynthia*, to dispense
Those laws the floods obey,
The hoary deep (untract'd, immense)
Obedient owns thy sway.

We will rather observe, how great is the power, and how excellent the wisdom, which sets the whole fluid world in motion ! which proceeds to the shores such an inconceivable weight of waters, without any concurrence from the winds, frequently in direct opposition to all their force. How gracious also is the providence which bids the mighty element perform it's revolutions with the utmost punctuality ! was it suffered to advance with a lawlets and unlimited swell, it might sweep over kingdoms, and deluge whole continents. Was it irregular and uncertain in it's approaches, navigation would be at a stand, and trade become precarious. — But being constant at it's stated periods, and never exceeding it's appointed bounds, it creates no alarm to the country, and affords very considerable aids for traffic. Many and great are the advantages derived from this regular flux and reflux of the ocean, we may observe that at it's flow, rushing up our rivers, it clears and deepens the passage ; in many places spreads a copious flood, where a dry and empty waste lay before. Is the sailor return'd from his voyage ; and waiting at the mouth of the channels ; the flux is ready to convey the vessel safe home. — Has the merchant freighted his ship ; would he have it transferred to the ocean ; the re-

flux

flux tenders it service; and bears away the load, with the utmost expedition and equal safety! — Behold O man, how greatly thou art beloved, how highly favoured by thy maker! In what part of his works hath he forgotten, or overlooked thy welfare. Shew me a creature, point out a spot in the formation or disposition of which he has not been mindful of thy interests. He has made thee to have dominion over the works of his hands, and has put all things in subjection under thy feet — All sheep and oxen, the fowls of the air, and the fishes — yea the surges of the sea, are subservient to thy benefit; even these wild and impetuous as they are, yield their willing backs to receive thy load, and like an indefatigable beast of burthen, carry it to the place which thou shalt nominate, — yea what burdens, what rich and precious treasures are borne on the back of the ocean, and wasted by the gales of commerce, which would be useless, without this liquid conveyance, this encourager of industry and source of opulence. —

The man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas, to unknown Soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight:
What stranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in description view
Creatures which *Adam* never knew;
For when we risque no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Those things that startle me or you,
I grant are strange: yet may be true. *

Hail happy land, whose fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds;
By bounteous nature set apart,
The seat of industry and art.

* See the first Volume, page 211 of the Sea.

O *Britain* chosen port of trade,
 May lux'ry ne'er thy sons invade ;
 May never minister (intent
 His private treasures to augment)
 Corrupt thy state. If jealous foes
 Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,
 Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe ;
 Who is't prescribes the ocean law,
 Whenever neighbouring states contend,
 'Tis thine to be a generous friend.
 What is it, who rules in other lands ;
 On trade alone thy glory stands.
 That benefit is unconfin'd,
 Diffusing good among mankind :
 That first gave lustre to thy reigns,
 And scattered plenty o'er thy plains :
 'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,
 And draws all Europe's envious eyes.
 Be commerce then thy sole design ;
 Keep that, and all the world is thine.
 When naval traffic plows the main,
 Who shares not in the merchant's gain ;
 'Tis that supports the regal state,
 And makes the farmer's heart elate ;
 The numerous flocks, that cloath the land,
 Can scarce supply the loom's demand ;
 Prolific culture glads the fields,
 And the bare heath a harvest yields.
 Nature expects mankind should share
 The duties of the public care.
 Some at the sounding anvil glow ;
 Some the swift sliding shuttle throw ;
 Some studious of the wind and tide,
 From pole to pole our commerce guide ;
 Some (taught by industry) to impart
 With hands and feet the works of art ;
 While some of genius more refin'd,
 With head and tongue assist mankind !
 Each, aiming at one common end,
 Proves to the whole a needful friend,

Thus

Thus born each others useful aid,
 y turns are obligations paid.
 The monarch when his table's spread,
 Is to the clown oblig'd for bread ;
 And when in all his glory drest,
 Owes to the loom his royal vest:
 Do not the mason's toil and care
 Protect him from th' inclement air ;
 Does not the cutler's art supply
 The ornament that guards his thigh ;
 All these in duty, to the throne
 Their common obligations own.
 'Tis he (his own and peoples cause)
 Protects their properties and laws :
 Thus they their honest toil employ,
 And with content the fruits enjoy.
 In every rank, or great or small,
 'Tis industry supports us all.
 For he who with industrious zeal
 Contributes to the publick weal,
 By adding to the common good,
 His own hath rightly understood. —————
 Remote from cities liv'd a swain,
 Unvex'd with all the cares of gain,
 His head was silver'd o'er with age,
 And long experience made him sage ;
 In summer's heat and winter's cold
 He fed his flock and pen'd the fold,
 His hours in cheerful labour flew,
 Nor envy nor ambition knew ;
 His wisdom and his honest fame
 Thro' all the country rais'd his name:
 A deep philosopher (whose rules
 Of moral life were drawn from schools).
 The Shepherds homely cottage sought,
 And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
 Whence is thy learning ; hath thy toil
 O'er books consum'd the midnight oil ;

Hast

Hast thou old *Greece* and *Rome* survey'd ;
 And the vast sense of *Plato* weigh'd ;
 Hath *Socrates* thy soul refin'd,
 And hast thou fathom'd *Tully's* mind ;
 Or like the wise *Ulysses* thrown
 By various fates on realms unknown,
 Hast thou thro' many cities stray'd,
 Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd,
 The shepherd modestly reply'd,
 I ne'er the paths of learning try'd,
 Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
 To read mankind, their laws and arts ;
 For man is practis'd in disguise,
 He cheats the most discerning eyes :
 Who by that search shall wiser grow,
 When we ourselves can never know ;
 The little knowledge I have gain'd,
 Was all from simple nature drain'd ;
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
 Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
 The daily labours of the bee,
 Awake my soul to Industry,
 Who can observe the careful ant,
 And not provide for future want :
 From nature too I take my rule ;
 To shun contempt and ridicule,
 I never with important air
 In conversation overbear :
 My tongue within my lips I rein,
 For who talks much must talk in vain,
 Sure envy, calumny and spite
 Bear stronger venom in their bite,
 Rapacious animals we hate,
 Kites, hawks and wolves deserve their fate,
 Thus every object of creation
 Can furnish hints to contemplation,
 And from the most minute and mean,
 A virtuous mind can morals glean,

And

And he who studies nature's laws
 From certain truth his maxims draws,
 And these well practis'd, will suffice,
 To make men moral, good and wise.

Pythagoras and the Countryman, &c.

PYTHAGORAS, rose at early dawn,
 By soaring meditation drawn,
 To breathe the fragrance of the day,
 Thro' flowry fields he took his way;
 In musing contemplation warm,
 His steps misled him to a farm,
 Where on the ladder's topmast round,
 A peasant stood; the hammer's sound
 Shook the weak barn. Say friend, what care
 Calls for thy honest labour there;
 The clown with surly voice replies,
 Vengeance aloud for justice cries:
 This kite by daily rapine fed,
 My hens annoy, my turkeys dread,
 At length his forfeit life hath paid:
 See on the wall his wings display'd,
 Here nail'd a terror to his kind,
 My fowls shall future safety find;
 My yard the thriving poultry feed,
 And my barn's refuse fat the breed:
 Friend says the sage, the doom is wise,
 For public good the murderer dies;
 But if these tyrants of the air
 Demand a sentence so severe,
 Think how the glutton man devours;
 What bloody feasts regale his hours!
 O impudence of power and might,
 Thus to condemn a hawk or kite;
 When thou perhaps, a grievous sinner,
 Had pullets yesterday for dinner!

Hold

Hold, cry'd the clown, with passion heated,
 Shall kites and men alike be treated ;
 When heaven the world with creatures stor'd,
 Man was ordain'd their sovereign lord.
 Thus tyrants boast, the sage reply'd,
 Whole murders spring from power and pride.
 Own then this manlike kite is slain,
 Thy greater lux'ry to sustain ;
 For petty rogues submit to fate
 That great ones may enjoy their state.——
 Whether on earth, in air, or main,
 Sure every thing alive is vain !
 Does not the hawk all fowls survey,
 As destin'd only for his prey ;
 And do not Tyrants prouder things,
 Think men were born for slaves to kings ;
 When the crab views the pearly strands,
 Or *Tagus* bright with golden sands,
 Or crawls beside the coral grove,
 And hears the ocean roll above ;
 Nature is too profuse, says he,
 Who gave all these to pleasure me !
 When bord'ring pinks and roses bloom,
 And every garden-breathes perfume,
 When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
 Like *Laura's* cheek with blushes rise ;
 When with huge figs the branches bend ;
 When clusters from the vine depend :
 The snail looks round on flow'r and tree,
 And cries, all these were made for me !
 What dignity's in human nature,
 Says man, the most conceited creature,
 As from a cliff he cast his eye,
 And view'd the sea and archy sky !
 The sun was sunk beneath the main,
 The moon, and all the starry train
 Hung the vast vault of heaven. The man
 His contemplation thus began..

When

When I behold this glorious show,
 And the wide wat'ry world below,
 The scaly people of the main,
 The beasts that range the wood or plain,
 The wing'd inhabitants of air,
 The day, the night, the various year,
 And know all these by heaven design'd
 As gifts to pleasure human kind,
 I cannot raise my worth too high ;
 Of what vast consequence am I !
 Not of th'importance you suppose,
 Replies a flea upon his nose :
 Be humble, learn thyself to scan ;
 Know, pride was never made for man ;
 'Tis vanity that swells thy mind,
 What heaven and earth for thee design'd ?
 For thee ! made only for our need ;
 That more important fleas may feed.

*Of the excellent and wonderful productions
 of the Sea.*

TO dive into the deep secrets of the waters to take a view of all the excellent creatures sporting themselves therein, and observe the virtues and qualities wherewith they are endowed, is a work might be expected from that wisdom which was communicated to *Solomon*, who treated of trees, from the cedar in *Lebanon* to the hyssop growing on the wall : For the watry element is furnished with such a miraculous plenty, that it abundantly produces not only fishes of several kinds fit for the sustenance of man, and those of extraordinary bulk and monstrous figures ; but also such a multitude of precious shells, and other rarities, that we may well acknowledge that the divine wisdom hath displayd

play'd all these rich beauties of it's inexhaustible treasures, to shew it's omnipotency in the midst of the waves, and gently to win us into an admiration of his goodness and adorable providence, which humbles itself to descend into the abysses of the Sea to people them with some excellent creatures not to be seen elsewhere, and an infinite number of others bearing the characters and ideas of the most considerable bodies that either adorn the heavens, fly in the air, or embellish the earth.

The lively, shining particles of Light,
On daz'ling wings attempt their nimble flight,
The fine transparent air, with mighty force,
Thro' fix'd and fluid, upwards takes it's course ;
The grosser seeds with heavy motion press,
And meeting in the midst, the cent'ral parts possess ;

While the united waves, without controul,
Around the slimy surface proudly roul,
'Till great *Jehovah's* word their force divides,
When lo ! the deep by smooth degrees subsides ;
Behold ! the stately rising mountains leave
Their oozy beds : See next the vallies cleave,
The congregated waters to revive. }
Then down the sinking billows calmly go, }
Part to the subterranean caves below, }
And part around the hills in circling currents flow. }
Next then the slimy, soft, fermenting earth,
Prepar'd to give her various species birth,
Obedient to the voice, produces all,
Her boundless stores, at her creator's call.
A sudden spring at his command arose,
And various plants their verdant tops disclose ;
The teeming ground to rising groves gives way, }
Whose leaves and blossoms instantly display, }
And ev'ry branch with tempting fruit looks gay. }
When God again, whose active word fulfill'd,
Exactly all the mighty things he will'd,

Com-

Commands, and strait the heav'nly arches rise,
 And kind'ling glories brigh en all the skies.
 A sudden day with gaudy lustre gilds
 The expanded air, the new-made streams and
 fields ;

Ten thousand sprightly dazling lights advance,
 And trembling rays in the wide Æther dance :
 The sun, beyond 'em all immense and gay,
 Assumes the bright dominion of the day ;
 And whirling up the skies with rapid force
 Along the radiant Zone begins his destin'd course :
 When now another efficacious word,
 The air, and earth, and watry regions stor'd :
 The num'rous vehicles for breath prepar'd,
 The mighty summons of their maker heard ;
 And from the bosom of their native clay
 Sprung into life, and caught the vital ray ;
 Millions of footed creatures range the woods,
 Millions with fins divide the crystal floods ;
 Millions beside, with wanton liberty,
 On painted wings, rise singing to the sky.
 For now in their primeval lustre gay,
 The earth and heavens their utmost pride display.
 The blazing sun from his meridian height,
 Thro' an unclouded sky darts round his light.
 The fields, the floods, and all the enlighten'd air,
 In open day look ravishingly fair.
 The bright carnation and the blushing rose,
 Their beauties fresh with heav'nly dew disclose.
 The noble am'ranths shew their purple dye,
 Splendid as that which paints the morning sky,
 Ten thousand od'rous flowers of various hue,
 In ev'ry shade and plain spontaneous grew ;
 And down the smooth descent of verdant hills,
 From marble fountains gush a thousand rills ;
 Thro' many a pleasant shade they murmuring go,
 And mingle with the larger streams below :
 Which thro' the flow'ry vallies softly flow :
 And

And all along their lovely spacious banks,
 Immortal trees are plac'd in equal ranks ;
 Whose charming shapes their maker might delight,
 And angels from their heav'nly bowers invite ;
 Here gentle breezes from their spicy wings,
 Shed all the odours of a thousand springs ;
 The warbling choristers on branches sing,
 And all the groves with cheerful Ecchoes ring.
 Hail ! holy founder of the universe !
 Still shall my song thy glorious deeds rehearse :
 Thy praise, whatever subject others chuse,
 Shall ever be the theme of my aspiring muse.

A Description of a Storm at Sea.

LONG had deep silence reign'd in sullen
 form,
 And thoughtful calms presag'd the brooding
 storm ;
 The black'ning clouds mov'd on in solemn range,
 And nature seem'd just rip'ning for a change.
 At length arise some softly sighing gales,
 Breath o'er the seas, and flutter in the sails ;
 Now in loud blust'ring more impetuous cloud,
 Try ev'ry mast, and catch up ev'ry shroud.
 All pale we see, tumultuous from afar,
 The boiling tempest, and the wat'ry war :
 Fearful to try the threat'ning sea behind,
 We ply each sail, and flee before the wind.
 In vain, alas ! the treacherous gloom of night,
 And wrathful *Jove*, anticipate our flight.
 Then first we hear the howling tempest roar,
 And peals of thunder roll from shore to shore ;
 Not more tremendous howl the spell-bound ghosts,
 That nightly haunt the fam'd Circean coasts :
 Not with more noise the sister monsters yell,
 Foam out their rage, and bellow from their cell.

From

From pole to pole the giddy tumults grow,
 Clouds war above, and seas contend below.
 Borne by imperious winds the vessel rides,
 And follows, where the mad'ning ocean guides:
 Now rais'd aloft she mounts the liquid sleep,
 Now headlong shoots into the raging deep:
 Oft on her prow recoiling billows torn,
 Oft skim the deck, or lash the sounding stern.
 Fixt at the helm the frantick pilot stands,
 And this in vain forbids, or that commands,
 His clamours threats in louder seas are lost,
 Wrapt in the thunder, or in whirlwinds tost.
 Lo! dreadful now the forked lightning flies,
 Vaults o'er the waves, or darts along the skies;
 Thro' heaven's expanse insufferable glows,
 And all the melancholy prospect shews.
 Here with wild fury clashing billows jar,
 Winds combats winds, and mix tempestuous war;
 There hoarser storms of thunder rend the air,
 Root up the sea, and all its bosom tear,
 Thus *Briareus*, beneath proud *Etna's* height,
 Stretch'd in the prison of eternal night,
 Sometimes indignant, calls forth all his strength,
 Heaves with his breast, and shakes his dreadful
 length,

Sicilian peasants feel the angry God,
 Tall mountains tremble, and whole forests nod.
Jove to encrease the horrors of the main,
 From pitchy clouds compress a teeming rain;
 Bad, from their springs, the heavenly fountains
 rise,
 And open'd all the flood-gates of the skies:
 Quick, at his word, the labouring torrents pour,
 And seas and winds amidst the deluge roar.

A Description of a Serene Night at Sea.

THE mouth of *Ganges* and *Bengalian* bay,
 Now lost, now *Cormandel* pass'd away ;
 We by * *Coylonna* steer : — The vanish'd sun,
 O'er eastern realms, his radiant course had run :
 Now sober night, adorn'd with silver rays,
 Her solemn glories gracefully displays :
 Here nature's deep researches might descry
 Remotest worlds thro' *Galileo's* eye.
 All heaven is clear, like minds secure from blame,
 No spot appears in the cerulian frame.
 The bending moon divided seems to be,
 At once in heaven and in the trembling sea :
 Th' expanded sea appears a nether sky
 And with the stars the glitt'ring fishes vie.
 The Dolphin seems as lightning, swift and bright,
 And draws, like shooting stars, a train of light.
 Soft gales from spicy shores their odours bring,
 And tweep the liquid plain with downy wing,
 Cheering the scent ; and the nocturnal scene,
 To the charm'd sight, is awful and serene :
 A pleasing melancholy now presides,
 And, like a wand'ring ghost, the stealing vessel
 glides.

* *Coylonna* is situated near *Cape Comarene*, at the
 entrance of the bay of *Bengal* ; it is the most no-
 ted island for sweet spices in the East Indies ; the
 fragrancy of which may be found many leagues
 at sea, when the wind blows from the shore.

On

*On the Danger and Uncertainty of going
to Sea.*

AND shall the waging waves again
Bear thee back into the main !
Oh what dost do : put close to shore,
And never trust the ocean more :
Thy oars are gone and southern blasts
Have rent thy sails, and torn thy masts ;
Nor without tackling canst thou brave
The violent fury of the wave :
Thy stern is gone, thy goods are lost,
And thou hast none to hear thy cry,
When thou on dangerous shelves art tost,
When billows rage, and winds are high :
Tho' thou art built of noble wood,
And gay as ever cut the flood ;
Alas ! 'tis but an empty name,
Nor will the seas regard thy fame :
What fearful seaman dares rely
On gilded sterns when winds are high,
Vain shew not fit to sail but please,
An easy prey to angry seas ;
Tho' often thou hast safely past,
Thou ow'st a sport to winds at last :
Oh lately thou my grief and fear,
And now my fresh and present care,
Take heed and fly the flattering seas
And stay at home and take your ease.

*But notwithstanding, a Captain of a ship preparing
to hasten to sea, express'd himself thus,*

Drink briskly round, dispel all cloudy sorrow,
Fill up the bowl, we'll plow the deep to-morrow.

Of the Woollen Manufacture.

WOOLLEN manufacture is the most general of all *England*, the chief prop of their trade and commerce, the chief support of the poor. The first broad cloth (so called, because of the broad looms wherein it was wrought) made in *England*, is said to have been made by *Jack of Newbury*, in the reign of king *Edward* the third. The first famous clothiers were in *Glocestershire*: For this ingenious and profitable art or mystery of woollen work, there is no city in *England* more famed than that of *Norwich*, which hath for a long time flourished, by making of worsted stuffs; which being wrought there more curiously than elsewhere, are thence called *Norwich* stuffs; which work hath been brought to the greater perfection, by the industry of the *Dutch* and *French* families, who have been planted there for several years. No nation ever loseth, but getteth by the transplantation of industrious foreigners, who by interest and converse, soon become one with the people, among whom they inhabit. The stuffs there vended (the chief trade whereof, as also of stockings, is to *London*) are esteemed at one hundred thousand pounds *per Annum*, which stuffs are under the government of two companies; the worsted company, and the *Russel* company; the stockings of sixty thousand pounds *per Annum*. But there is another town in this county, which is called *Worsted*, seems to be the first noted place, wherein these stuffs were substantially made; *Kidderminster*, in *Worcestershire*, drives a great trade, in making certain stuffs, which are thence called *Kidderm* stuffs; and in the same shire, the city of *Worcester*, and also *Malmsbury* for woollen-cloth. In *Warwickshire*, *Coventry*, *Lancashire*, *Manchester*,

ter, is much enriched by the industry of the inhabitants in making cloth of linen and woollen. *Taunton*, in *Somersetshire*, drives so great a trade in mixt and white serges, that there are said to be sent up weekly to *London*, and other places, no less than seven hundred pieces, each sort of them, besides a sort of course bays; in the making whereof there are weekly employed no less than three thousand five hundred persons. This computation was in the year one thousand six hundred and ninety seven. No less doth *Wakefield* in the *West-riding* of *Yorkshire*; *Leeds* also in the same county is accounted a wealthy town, by reason of its cloathing. *Exeter*, by the quantity of serges there made, returns to *London* ten thousand pounds a week. *Stroud*, in *Gloucestershire*, is a town not only full of rich cloathiers, but is also particularly eminent for the dying of cloaths, By reason of the peculiar quality of the water for that purpose: *Newbury* also in the same county is very rich in clothing: Likewise *Sudbury* in *Suffolk*; *Hadly*, in the same county. *Reading* in *Berkshire*, which through the greatness of its trade, is a very wealthy town; and *Newbury* in the same county. So likewise *Shirbourne*, in *Dorsetshire*; and also in *Essex*, *Colchester*, *Dedham*, *Coxal*, and other places abound in bays, says, and other new drapery. And *Appleby* and *Kendal* in *Cumberland*, is remarkable for its great cloth-manufacture. Among the woollen manufacture of *England*, may be reckoned the weaving and knitting of stockings; the use of which woven and knit-stockings, hath not been in that nation longer than the beginning of king *James* the first's reign; it being very memorable what *Dr. Fuller* relates of one *William Rider*, an apprentice of *London-Bridge*, who seeing in the house of an *Italian* merchant, a pair of knit worsted stockings, which he brought from *Mantua*, and taking special observation of them,

them, made a pair exactly like them, which he presented to *William Earl of Pembroke*, and they are said to be the first of that sort worn in *England*, and thence forward they became more and more in use; so that for many years they have been very much, and is still worn, and are a great part of the trade in most places where there is any thing of woollen manufacture, especially at *Norwich*.

A Poem spoke by a Gentleman in a publick Assembly, in behalf of the Weavers of the City of Dublin, &c. in the Year 1720. they at that Time being in great Distress.

GREAT cry and little wool ——— is now become,

The plague and proverb of the weaver's loom,
 No wool to work on, neither west nor warp,
 Their pockets empty, and their stomachs sharp.
 Provok'd in loud complaints, to you they cry,
 Ladies relieve the weavers, or they die;
 Forsake your silks for stuffs, nor think it strange
 To shift your cloaths, since you delight in change
 One thing with freedom I'll presume to tell,
 The men will like you every bit as well.
 See I am dress'd from top to toe in stuff,
 And by my troth I think I'm fine enough;
 My wife admires me more, and swears she never
 In any dress beheld me look so clever;
 And if a man be better in such ware,
 What great advantage must it give the fair!
 Our wool from lambs of innocence proceeds,
 Silk comes from maggots, calicoes from weeds;

Hence

Hence 'tis by sad experience that we find
 Ladies in silks to vapours much inclin'd,
 And what are they but maggots in the mind. }
 For which I think it reason to conclude,
 That cloaths may change our tempers like our
 food.

Chinches are gaudy and engage our eyes,
 Too much about the party colour'd dies,
 Altho' the lustre is from you begun,
 We see the rainbow and neglect the sun.
 How sweet and innocent's the country maid
 With small expence in native wool array'd,
 Who copies from the field her homely green
 While by her shepherd with delight she's seen,
 Should our fair ladies dress like her in wool
 How much more lovely, and how beautiful,
 Without their *Indian* drapery, they'd prove,
 And wool would help to warm us into love.
 Then like the famous *Argonauts* of *Greece*,
 We'd all contend to gain the Golden Fleece.—
 Who dares affirm this is no pious age;
 When charity begins to tread the stage,
 When actors who at best are hardly saviors,
 Will give a night of benefit to weavers.
 Stay — let me see how finely will it sound!
Imprimis, from his Grace, an hundred pound;
 Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors,
 And then comes in the *item* for the actors;
Item, the actors freely gave a day,
 The poet had no more, who made the play;
 But whence this wond'rous charity in players,
 They learnt it not at sermons, or at prayers,
 Under the rose since here are none but friends,
 (To own the truth) we have some private ends.
 Some waiting woman like exacting jades,
 Hold up the prices of their old brocades.
 We'll dress in manufactures made at home,
 Equip our kings and generals at the *Comb*,

D

Will

Will rigg in *Meath street Egypt's* haughty Queen,
 And *Anthony* shall court her in Ratteen ;
 In blue shalloon shall *Hannibal* be clad,
 And *Scipio* trail an *Irish* purple plad.
 In drugget drest, of thirty-pence a yard,
 See *Philip's* son amidst his *Persian* guard ;
 And proud *Roxana* fir'd with jealous rage,
 With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.
 In short, our kings and princesses within,
 Are all resolv'd the project to begin ;
 And you our subjects, when you here resort,
 Must imitate the fashion of the court.
 Oh! could I see this audience clad in stuff,
 Tho' money's scarce, we should have trade enough ;
 But chintz, brocades, and lace, take all away,
 And scarce a crown is left to see a play :
 Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs
 Between the weavers, and us play-house kings ;
 But wit and weaving had the same beginning,
Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning :
 And next observe, how this alliance fits,
 For weavers now are just as poor as wits ;
 Their brother quill-men, workers for the stage,
 For sorry stuff can get a crown a page ;
 But weavers will be kinder to their players,
 And sell for twenty-pence a yard of theirs ;
 And to your knowledge there is often less in
 The poet's wit, than in the player's dressing.

Heads

Heads of Self-examination, proper to be used by every Elector in this Kingdom, before he either gives or promises his Vote.

HAVE I thoroughly considered the privileges, which as a freeman, I have a right to enjoy.

Do I put a just value upon the right I have, by the constitution of this kingdom, to assent to all those laws by which I am to be governed.

Have I reflected, that when I chuse a man to represent me, I convey to him, for the time of his representation, all my own share of the legislative power ; that I am obliged to abide by his vote and decision, or by that decision of a majority which his vote may contribute to make.

Ought not a man thus entrusted, to be of known abilities, one whom I believe capable to distinguish what is for the good of his country, and to detect all frauds and delusions.

What is his general character in private life ; is he honest to his tradesmen ? kind to his family, regular in his conduct, not addicted to any notorious vice.

Without these private good qualities, have I any reason to think he will be faithful to his constituents, regardful of posterity, steady in his principles, frugal of the publick treasure, and resolute against all the temptations of riches or honours.

How has he behaved in the offices he has born as a magistrate ; or what use has he made of his influence, on former occasions among his neighbours and dependants.

Has he ever before had a seat in parliament ? how did he then behave ? was he tempted ? and

did he not fall? was his stedfastness from a virtuous principle, or because those in power did not bid up to his price? did he listen at all to propositions of making easy, and did he bargain in a manner to create suspicion.

Does he want to bias me by some favour or gratuity, to give it in defiance of laws that make both him and me guilty in such an agreement: How do I know he would not sell my rights and privileges; if any man would bargain for them on the same principles.

Has he a fortune to keep him above corrupt dependance, and is he averse to lessen or incumber that fortune in order to procure a seat; or is his estate already involved, and does he push for a seat with such an expence, that the protection of it will be necessary for him if ever he gets it.

Is he well acquainted with our present constitution? and well affected to that form of it which makes the peoples election, or declaration in parliament, the best right of a sovereign. Without this can he be a good subject of king George? or a sound member of that community, in which provision is made for maintaining the rights and privileges I claim to enjoy.

Does not the well-being of posterity, as well as of the present age, depend upon what shall be done in this important occasion; is not my part of this work, as an elector, equal to that of any other man in the same community; have I any excuse therefore, can I have any, either to my country, or my own conscience, for saying I am but one, and my vote can be of no great consequence among many.

May not my voice be decisive in the election of a representative, as the voice of him thus elected, may be in a law to determine the preservation or destruction of this kingdom; if I give it amiss therefore, either corruptly or inconsiderately, am I

not

not guilty of the highest publick crime that can be thought of in civil society.—All the necessary qualifications of a fit candidate may be ranged under these two general heads, Integrity and Ability: and of these, if there be any difference, the first is certainly the most important, for tho' an honest heart may sometimes make amends for a weak head, yet the clearest understanding can never supply the want of strict integrity. We may justly mention three other qualifications which is very requisite, courage above dependance, fortune above corruption, and knowledge above imposition.—Examine the candidates carefully and impartially by these rules, and vote accordingly, and certainly you cannot make a bad choice.

Of one who was brib'd whilst he was at Church, to vote contrary to his Promise.

ONE hand and eye erect, were close engag'd,
In prayer, and holy war with heaven wag'd;
The other eye obliquely view'd the gold,
Which into t' other hand was slyly told:
What! brib'd within the consecrated walls!
Strange magic pow'r of gold to hush the calls
Of sacred promises, dissolved the tie
Of oaths! was this thy morning sacrifice!
Transcendent knave! who could have closer trod,
Thy friend *Iscaiot's* steps, who sold his God;
Transcript of *Judas*; go, refund the pelf,
Then like thy great exemplar hang thyself.

Great drinkers are less fit to serve in parliament than is apprehended. Mens virtue as well as their understanding, is apt to be tainted by it; the appearance

pearance of it is sociable and well natured, but it is by no means to be relied upon, nothing is more frail than a man too far engag'd in wet popularity. The habit of it maketh men careless of their business, and that naturally leadeth them into circumstances that make them liable to temptation. It is seldom seen, that any principles have such a root, as that they can be proof against the continual droppings of a bottle: As to the faculties of the mind, there is not less objection; the vapours of wine may sometimes throw out sparks of wit, but they are like scattered pieces of ore, there is no vein to work upon; such wit even the best of it is like paying great fines, in which case there must of necessity be an abatement of the constant rent. Nothing sure is a greater enemy to the brain than too much moisture; it can the least of any thing bear the being continually steep'd; and it may be said, that thought may be resembled to some creatures which can live only in a dry country. Yet so arrogant are some men, as to think they are so much masters of business, as that they can play with it; they imagine they can drown their reason once a day, and that it shall not be the worse for it; forgetting that by too often diving, the understanding at last groweth too weak to rise up again.

The Patriot's Prayer.

PARENT of all, omnipotent
 In heaven and earth below
 Thro' all creation's bounds unspent
 Whose streams of goodness flow.
 Teach me to know from whence I rose,
 And unto what design'd;
 No private aims let me propose,
 Since link'd with human kind.

But

But chief to hear my country's voice,
 May all my thoughts incline,
 'Tis reason's law, 'tis virtues choice,
 'Tis nature's call and thine.
 Me from fair freedom's sacred cause,
 Let nothing e'er divide ;
 Grandeur, nor gold, nor vain applause,
 Nor friendship false misguide.
 Let me not faction's partial hate
 Pursue to *Ireland's* woe ;
 Nor grasp the thunder of the state,
 To wound a private foe.
 If, for the right, to wish the wrong
 My country shall combine.
 Single to serve the erroneous throng,
 Spight of themselves, be mine.—
 Who then is free ; the wise that can controul,
 And govern all the passions of the soul :
 Whom poverty, nor chains, nor death affright,
 And proof against the charms of vain delight.
 Whom feeble Fortune strives in vain to wound,
 So closely gathered in a perfect round,
 And so exactly smooth'd by honest arts,
 That nought without can stick upon the even parts.
 Observe this free-man's character and see
 If any part of it belongs to thee.

Of Memory.

IN the mythological pedigree of learning, memory is made the mother of the muses, by which the masters of ancient wisdom, perhaps, meant to shew the necessity of storing the mind copiously with true notions, before the imagination should be suffered to form fictions or collect embellishments. The necessity of memory to the acquisition

quisition of knowledge, is inevitably felt and universally allow'd, so that scarcely any other of the mental faculties, are commonly considered as necessary to a student : He that admires the proficiency of another, always attributes it to the happiness of his memory ; and he that laments his own defects, concludes with a wish that his memory was better. It is evident, that when the power of retention is weak, all the attempts at eminence of knowledge must be vain : but however it is observable that such weakness is very rare, and that few have reason to complain of nature as unkindly sparing of the gifts of memory. In the common business of life we find the memory of one like that of another ; and honestly impute omissions not to involuntary forgetfulness, but culpable inattention : But in literary inquiries, failure is imputed rather to want of memory, than of diligence. We consider ourselves as defective in memory, either because we remember less than we desire, or less than we suppose others to remember. Memory is like all other human powers, with which no man can be satisfied, who measures them by what he can desire. He whose mind is most capacious, finds it much too narrow for his wishes, he that remembers most, remembers little compared with what he forgets. He who compares his memory with that of others, is often too hasty to lament the inequality. Nature has sometimes, indeed, afforded examples of enormous, wonderful, and gigantic memory. *Scaliger* reports of himself, that, in his youth, he could repeat above an hundred verses, having once read them, and many others we have heard of, that are remarkable in the gifts of memory. But not to have such extraordinary degrees of memory, is no more to be lamented than not to have the strength of *Hercules*, or the swiftness of *Achilles*. He that in the distribution of goods has an equal share with common men, may

may justly be contented. Where there is no striking disparity, it is difficult to know of two which remembers most, and still more difficult to discover which read with greater attention, which has renewed the first impression by more frequent repetitions, or by what accidental combination of ideas either mind might have united any particular narrative or argument to its former stock. But memory, however impartially distributed, so often deceives our trust, that almost every man attempts, by some artifice or other to secure its fidelity. It is the practice of many readers, to note in the margin of their books, the most important passages, the strongest arguments or the brightest sentiments. Thus they load their minds with superfluous attention, repress the vehemence of curiosity by useless deliberations, and by frequent interruption break the current of narration, or the chain of reason, and at last close the volume, and forget the passages and marks together. Others are unalterably persuaded, that nothing is certainly remembered but what is transcribed; and they have therefore passed weeks and months, in transcribing large quotations; but the act of writing distracts the thoughts, and what is read twice is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed. This method therefore consumes time without assisting memory. The true art of memory is the art of attention. No man will read with much advantage, who is not able at pleasure, to evacuate his mind. If the repositories of thought are already full, what can they receive; if the mind is employ'd on the past or future, the book will be held before the eyes in vain; what is read with delight is commonly retained, because pleasure always secures attention; but the books which are consulted by occasional necessity, and perused with impatience, leave no traces on the mind. Memory is the daughter of experience, memory the repository

ry of experiences ; certainly then those have an advantage by nature above others, who excel in this faculty ; and 'tis very strange, that a little cell or apartment of brain should be able to receive so many ideas of things, and histories of life, without disorder and confusion, as would be enough to fill a volume of the largest folio ; and yet such there are, persons of a good commixture of humours, and a dry brain, that can carry in their heads more than some can take in.

On the Revd. Joshua Phipps, M. A. Curate of the Parish of St. Nicholas without, in the City of Dublin, who departed this Life, the 24th Day of June, 1750.

BENEATH this stone doth lye a learn'd
divine,
Who in his days did make the gospel shine,
When e'er he preach'd mankind can truly say
He us'd no notes to guide him in the way,
Yet ne'er was known, not in the least to stray :
His memory great, such wondrous strength of
mind,

And eloquence that every thought refin'd,
Such force of argument as did impart,
The love of virtue to the sinner's heart ;
That pity 'tis such memory should die,
Or so much virtue in oblivion lye,
The sick with pious care he did attend ;
The poor in him have lost a faithful friend :
He in his master's vineyard labour'd hard,
For which he has obtain'd the great reward,
Nicholas (without) thy loss I do deplore,
Ah ! *Phipps* is gone, his virtues are no more,

He's

He's gone, he's gone above the starry frame,
 Where seraphims do daily praise proclaim,
 For virtues sake then shed a friendly tear,
 As the just tribute of a friend so dear.

Of singing Praises to God.

SINGING of divine hymns and praises to God, as the author of all our comforts and benefits hath been ever looked upon, as a very proper exercise ; even brutes do somewhat towards the acknowledgment of a deity, and the praising him for his beneficence ; but man is high priest to the rest of the creation, and is bound to a more express, particular, pleasant discharge of this office. Psalms and hymns were accounted a considerable part of divine worship, and is generally acknowledged to be so. A * minister and his clerk in the city of *Dublin*, being at an entertainment, and in discourse of praying, preaching and singing of psalms, the clerk express'd himself thus : Reverend doctor, I imagine that my office is to be preferr'd before yours, for when prayer and preaching ceaseth, the praises of God will be perpetually sung by the heavenly choir to all eternity. *Theodosius* the Emperor, at the dawning of the day, used with his sisters to sing psalms and hymns of praise to God. One day as the same Emperor was celebrating a publick shew at *Constantinople*, he had the news brought him of good success, and the death of a tyrannical enemy, whereupon he spake thus to the people, let us give over this vain pastime, and repair unto church, and serve God devoutly, pouring out our zealous prayers to him, and praise him for his wonderful mercy, who by his own hand and outstretched arm, hath deprived our chiefest enemy of life. No sooner had he made

* Dr. Travers and Mr. James Fetherston.

made an end of speaking, but all the people left off, and passing through the Theatre, sang praises together with the Emperor unto God : And so going directly to Church, spent the whole day in those religious exercises. In the ancient church, the christians were much exercised in repeating the psalms of *David* ; many had them by heart, and used to be reciting them when they went about their work. *Hierom* relates of the place where he lived.—— You could not go into the field, but you might hear the plough-man at his *Hallelujahs*, the mower at his hymns, and the vine-dresser singing *David's* psalms. Many instances might be mentioned of single persons and families using this exercise of devotion ; many persons on their death-beds, some in prison, and others at their execution, have cheered and comforted themselves with this exercise, and have taken a mighty pleasure, even in the midst of their troubles, and most bitter and heavy afflictions, by easing their minds and encreasing their devotions, by singing praises to the God of *Jacob*. But it is well known in these times that in the house of God people neglect, and seem as it were ashamed to perform this divine part of worship. While we sing the praises of our God in his Church, we are employ'd in that part of worship, which of all others is nearest a-kin to heaven ; and 'tis pity that this of all others should be perform'd the worst upon earth ; to see the dull indifference, the negligent and the thoughtless air, that sits upon the faces of many of the assembly, while the psalm is on their lips, might tempt even a charitable observer to suspect the fervency of inward religion ; and 'tis much to be fear'd that the minds of many of the worshippers are absent or unconcerned.

On Musick.

MUSICK is the art which teacheth the properties of sounds capable of producing melody or harmony : Or it is the art of disposing and conducting sounds, considered as grave and acute, and of proportioning them amongst themselves and separating them by just intervals, pleasing to the sense. The invention of musick, and of the instruments in which a principle part of it consists, has been ascribed to man's observation of the warbling, and notes of birds : but it is more just to look upon it as a present from God, to invigorate and redouble the tone, and with instruments to make it easy, by lending sounds a variety, extent, and continuation, when the usual language does not suffice for its transports, being penetrated and fired with some object that strongly possesses it. And as this is the natural rise of music, it shews its propriety in religious worship to adore, praise, give thanks, and sing the greatness of God, and to proclaim the wonders of his power. It is certain that this art was very early introduced into the family of *Adam* itself ; for *Jubal* one of the immediate descendants of *Cain*, is recorded to be the inventor of musical instruments. And it would be easy to prove, that this exercise has at all times been the delight of all nations ; as if the author of nature, implanted in man a taste and secret tendency to song and harmony, which serve to nourish his joy in time of prosperity, to alleviate his sorrows, and to comfort him in all his pains and labour. Where is the artificer that has not recourse to this invention ? and the slightest air makes him forget all his fatigue. Do not the heavy hammers seem to lessen their weight by their harmonious cadence, while the workmen tune them upon the anvil ; and
do

do not the very watermen experience a kind of relief in that sort of concert, which is formed by the harmonious and uniform motion of their oars. The wonderful effect of music prompted the ancients successfully to employ musical instruments, as the custom still continues, to excite martial ardour in the hearts of the soldiery. But it was the *Greeks* who first placed it in honour, and by the value they set upon it, raised it to a very high degree of perfection. To dance gracefully, and touch musical instruments with skill, were qualifications that distinguish'd the gentleman of rank; and the ignorance of music passed in that nation for a great defect in education. Hence we see the reason why *Plato* and *Aristotle* recommend music, as an essential part of education, nothing being according to *Plutarch* of greater use, than music, to excite persons at all times to virtuous actions or whatever is laudable and polite. And a great author insists upon it, that music ought to be preferred to all other sciences, as it is the sole means under God, to humanize and correct the natural harshness of mankind. But then it may be added, that these ancients did not mean that species of music, whose languishing sounds convey softness and impurity into the soul, and which ought to be held in horror by all persons of sense and virtue; but that agreeable art of affecting the soul by the powers of harmony, in order either to excite or alluage the passions, according to occasion and reason: Which civilizeth savage minds, softens the roughness and harshness of dispositions, renders people more capable of discipline, makes society more grateful and joyous, and creates horror for all vices, which incline men to inhumanity, cruelty and violence.

Of

Of the Origin of wearing Ermine.

ERMINE being at this time very much made use of by the ladies, I think it will not be disagreeable to give some account thereof. The first that ever wore ermine in his royal robes, was *Laomedon* king of old *Troy*; he taught his son *Priamus* to wear the same, who being king in time of the war, and the long siege of the city of *Troy*, was ever seen when he came into the field, or when he enter'd into battle, to wear the said noble fur of ermine in his cloak upon his armour; his eldest son also, *Hector* by name, was always seen, in place of his father, to have upon him that mantle, or cloak, furr'd with ermine, and in that he kill'd many noble men of the *Greeks*, wherefore the *Grecians* ever said it was king *Priamus*, because he only in the field did wear the same. Then the nobles of *Troy* ordained for *Hector* another apparel, differing much from his fathers, that the *Greeks* might perceive that there was another noble and stout warrior in *Troy* besides king *Priamus*. They used not this apparel but in time of war; because they were as little as cloaks, and being not long or heavy, did nothing hinder them in fighting; and therefore they were call'd coats of arms, and of nobility; for they were very pleasant to the sight, and to be seen very far off, being all white and black: And some writers affirm, that the first arms was of ermine, and that king *Priamus* was the first that bear them; alledging further, that after the destruction of *Troy* there came a nobleman of the stock of king *Priamus's* into *Britain*, and did there inhabit, and therefore the Duke of *Britain* beareth ermine, because (say they) he cometh of that stock

stock that first inhabited that country, and was the first lord thereof.

On a fatal accident which happen'd to a company of young Ladies, occasioned by the unfortunate destruction of a favourite Tea Pot.

THE hour past six, the ladies seated were,
 The table fix'd, the china laid with care;
 Th' usual compliments of how do you do
 Being over now, they other chat pursue;
 Praise such a lace, how pretty such a gown,
 Tell who's to wed, and such a one in town;
 Of fashions talk, each others dress commend,
 Tell such a story, told by such a friend:
 Now all prepar'd, and tea put in the pot,
 The water pour'd thereon extremely hot;
 Lo! alas! before 't had reach'd the tea board,
 Or its long hop'd for bounty could afford,
 There happ'd an accident which sure must vex
 All votaries of tea, and the fair sex:
 For near it a curst envious poker stood,
 Which like the rod of *Moses* caus'd a flood;
 And as't were thro' some sinister design,
 It fell and broke the tea pot neck and chine;
 Reader behold, but pray put off the joker,
 The direful mischief caus'd by that bad poker.—

*A Gentleman happening in company where
were three young Ladies drinking Tea,
one of whom being of a most beautiful
composition, and he being importuned to
stay, address'd himself particularly to
the fair one thus.*

MY heart invites me here to stay,
With you to take a dish of tea,
But business calls me quick away.
Fain would I stay here many an hour,
But now it is not in my power,
Therefore if you'll increase my bliss,
Pray give to me a parting kiss,
And so increase my happiness.
Not only one but five or six,
That so my lips with yours may mix,
For you are a most charming creature,
Form'd delightfully by nature.
And now to you I bid adieu,
I'm very much oblig'd to you,
And as in brightness you excel,
May joy and peace, among you dwell.

An Apology for Tea.

WHEN first you moraliz'd on snuff,
I lik'd the doctrine well enough;
Nay, own'd the application just,
And quite forbore the tempting dust.
Coffee came next to be decry'd;
Coffee, for you, was laid aside.
Or rarely and with caution us'd,
By smaller quantities insus'd.

Thus

Thus far I have comply'd you see ;
 But spare, O spare my darling tea !
 Nor rank with vile and vulgar juices,
 The richest cordial earth produces.
 As to your sex, indulgent heaven
 The vines all-cheering fruit has given ;
 To woman, tender and refin'd,
 Tea's milder comforts are assign'd ;
 Our griefs to cure, our cares beguile,
 And make a frowning fortune smile ;
 Blest plant ! of virtues half divine,
 Reviving nectar ! female wine !
 What can, like thee, our senses please,
 Promote, good humour, health, and ease,
 Encourage hope, prevent despair,
 And smoothe the furrow'd brow of care.
 Charm'd by thy influence benign,
 Each morning shines, or seems to shine.
 Soft spirits, like some warbling brook,
 By gentlest agitations shook,
 New life diffuse thro' every part,
 Brighten the eyes, and chear the heart ;
 The mind the rich repast partakes
 And fancy to new joys awakes ;
 Our thanks in silent breathings rise,
 An odour grateful to the skies.
 Then, when the cheerful lamp of day
 Most charming shoots a western ray,
 A second banquet tea provides,
 And constant as returning tides ;
 Again the languid powers are griev'd,
 Again we sip. and are reliev'd.
 From the bright nymph of courtly mold,
 To her whose hands the mopstaff hold,
 By all this grand elixir's priz'd,
 All drink their tea, and are suffic'd.
 Why then should you this gift disdain ;
 Which nature has not given in vain ;

Since

Since half mankind, howe'er distrest,
 Twice every day by tea are blest —
 Would you this foible then redress;
 Turn all your satire on excess.
 Tea may be drank in proper time:
 Intemperance only makes the crime;
 Keep but to that, and what you say
 We'll calmly hear — perhaps obey.

A Poem on Tea-drinking.

SPARKLING, with youths gay pride,
 like mirthful *May*,
 In the sedan enclos'd, by slaves upborn;
 See the love-darting dame, swing 'long the way,
 Or to present the visit, or return
 The smooth-comb'd valet trimbly trips before;
 Loud, thro' the gazing croud, commanding place;
 With well-tim'd raps he strikes the sounding door,
 Thunders in taste, and rattles with a grace.
 Along the pavement grates the swift moving chair
 Back on its well oyl'd hinges flies the gate;
 Behind the high-held hoop, up springs the fair,
 Rustling in rich array, and silken state.
 The how d' ye ended, the contest of place,
 And all the fashionable fluttering toils,
 Down, curtisying, sink the laughter-loving race,
 And undisturb'd one moment, silent smiles.
 The leading fair the word harmonious gives
Betty around attends with bended knee;
 Each white-arm fair, the painted cup receives
 Pours the rich cream, or stirs the sweetned tea.
 With verdant hyson fill'd, libation rare,
 The flow'ry figur'd-fair enamel fume,
 The odour spreading steams regale the fair,
 And breezy fragrance fills the rich spread room.
 Within

Within the circled, smooth, transparent brim,
 How prettily the fair-ones prattling sip :
 While rising bubbles o'er the surface skim,
 Mantling with joy to meet each lovely lip :
 Be warn'd ye fair, around ye dangers wait ;
 Let caution guide your steps where-e'er you go ;
 Like *China* ladies charms submit to fate,
 As pure, as bright, but yet as brittle too.

Remarks on those who are full of expectation of augmenting their fortunes, by venturing in Lotteries, 1712.

SOME are thoughtful how to improve their money, should it so happen ; some how happily they'd enjoy it ; women, what fine cloaths they'd wear ; maids, what handsome husbands they'd have ; beaux, what fine wigs they'd wear ; and sots, what rare wine they'd drink ; the religious, what charitable works they'd do ; and young libertines, what plenty of money they'd have to spend in loose debauch'd, and idle company, &c.

What sundry projects the ingenious find,
 To allure and cozen avaritious fools ;
 And draw the common people who are blind,
 In all their stratagems to be their tools.
 The hopes of sudden wealth does most deceive,
 When 'tis from labour and from danger free,
 Let but the hopes be plausible you give,
 And most men will with your designs agree.
 For all men love prosperity and ease,
 And when its prospect they with safety have,
 Tho' at a vast long distance, yet 'twill please
 The silly one whom want does most enslave.

This

This made the lotteries with the crowd prevail,
 The odds, tho' great, they never mind to scan,
 As long as each among the numerous all,
 Has equal hopes to be the happy man.
 The vast deduction for the pains and charge,
 Of ten *per cent.* in reason is too great ;
 And where the gain in justice is too large,
 The very profit is alone a cheat.
 Thousands, 'tis plain, would soon have been
 undone,
 Had the late act much longer been delay'd,
 Where many suffer to enrich but one,
 All such designs are in their nature bad.
 All loose vain projects ought to be debar'd,
 Which are of evil to the public known,
 Wherein projectors have a large reward,
 For doing what had better ne'er been done.
 This is enough to prove they hurtful are,
 Since among all the adventurers you meet,
 To one who has reason to believe 'em fair,
 A thousand shall cry out, a cheat, a cheat.
 He that projects or models the design,
 Like the box-keeper, certain is to win ;
 In lotteries 'tis the same as 'tis in play,
 The knaves are vultures, and the fools their prey.

As the lotteries of late are chiefly design'd for
 charitable uses, we may reasonably conclude, that
 it is well done of any, who can afford it, to ven-
 ture in a scheme so laudable, and by which, tho'
 there are numbers of losers, yet some particular
 persons have profited very much thereby.

Arguments

*Arguments against playing at Cards on the
Lord's Day.*

NOTHING but covetousness, and the thirst of gain, can engage any one to game every day, let the pretence be what it will. It is seldom known that these daily gamesters play for small sums; and it must be granted, that it must be owing to an immoderate desire to win, where the contest is so eager for large ones. Where any amusement or diversion, which only pleaseth our passions, is preferred to another, which might preserve or restore our health, improve our understanding, compose our mind, or better our heart, it certainly is criminal, if we make it our constant choice, instead of what might have relieved us, and been of real advantage to us. What can hurt our spirits more, than the frequent alarms, which are the certain attendants of high plays? its disappointments sour our tempers. The loser plays on to change his luck; the winner is never satisfied with his luck: So that neither of them know any end of gaming. And frequent play excludes all rational methods of entertainments; and what is worse, it will too often postpone necessary business. Hence we may account for the misfortunes of some of the best families and estates in the kingdom. How often do their misfortunes bring on that wretched custom of drinking to drown their cares, as it is pretended; but it certainly ruins their health. And if the gamester chance to be a female, she seldom loses her money, without losing her modesty also. Now as these are the bad consequences of gaming; it cannot be a proper amusement on the lord's-day: and, indeed, the best legislatures have looked upon it to be so mischievous to society at all times as to punish it, as the bane of good
good

good morals, and the school of vice, idleness and knavery. Should we only consider the practice of gaming on *Sunday* in a prudential light, we shall find that it has a bad tendency towards making our inferiors and servants less industrious, frugal, sober and honest: Which to say the best of it, is very hurtful to the wealthier and sober part of the nation.—What a sad instruction must it be for a child to see its parents, and perchance be permitted to play at cards every day, and every season; such children generally become dissolute and worthless.—Youth are too prone to pleasure, to be thus prompted to what they ought to be dissuaded from. And it is a very great chance, if the gaming humour of the parent does not pass, with all its bad qualities, into the misconduct of the child: And where it may fortunately happen otherwise, it must be ascribed to the good inclinations of the child, and not to the care of those who ought to have corrected them; the same example passes upon our servants. And how much their corrupt morals may injure our credit, our fortunes, and even our lives, might be instanced by many facts within our memory. Our domesticks will endeavour to save their reputation at the expence of ours. We frequently experience the weight, which is made by waste or unfair advantages made by them in our families. All which is generally owing to our bad example, which corrupts their principles: And no example can be worse than gaming on the Lord's-day, whose servants we are, and whose service we should only attend on that day. Therefore, how can it be supposed that our servants, if they find this day wholly disregarded by us, or a considerable part of it so spent, that it can be of no consequence to our morals, how the rest has been employed, will not disregard it as much, and imitate the diversion of the chamber, parlour and drawing room, in the kitchen, stables, and coach-house; where

where, if they lose, it becomes an inducement to dishonesty, and if they win, it is a great chance but it is spent in lewdness and intemperance, or otherwise draws them into a way of life in no manner suitable to their income; which, by unjust means, must be made up out of their masters purse. And when these particulars have been well considered, it may be confess'd, that they are guilty of a breach of the Sabbath-day, that turn it into a day of human sport, gaming or such like amusement.

*To a young Heir. The Observation of
which it is hoped will be a means of dis-
countenancing gaming.*

S O O N as your father's death was known,
(As if the estate had been their own),
The gamesters outwardly express
The decent joy within their breast.
So lavish in your praise they grew,
As spoke their certain hopes in you.
One counts your income of the year,
How much in ready money clear.
No house, says he, is more compleat,
The garden's elegant and great.
How fine the park around it lies!
The timber's of a noble size.
Then count his jewels and his plate;
Besides, 'tis no entail'd estate.
If cash run low, his lands in fee
Are or for sale or mortgage free.
Thus, they before you threw the main,
Seem'd to anticipate their gain.
Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treasures in the road;

Would

Would not the fool abbet the stealth,
 Who rashly thus expos'd his wealth;
 Yet this you do whene'er you play
 Among the gentlemen of prey.
 Could fools to keep their own contrive,
 On what, on whom could gamesters thrive.
 Is it in charity you game;
 To save your worthy gang, from shame,
 Unless you furnish'd daily bread,
 Which way could idleness be fed.
 Could these professors of deceit
 Within the law no longer cheat,
 They must run bolder risques for prey,
 And strip the trav'ler on the way.
 Thus in your annual rents they share,
 And 'scape the noose from year to year.
 Consider e'er you make a bett,
 That some might cross your taylor's debt,
 When you the pilfering rattle shake,
 Is not your honour too at stake.
 Must you not by mean lies, evade
 To-morrow's duns from ev'ry trade,
 By promises so often paid,
 Is yet your taylor's bill defray'd.
 Must you not pitifully fawn,
 To have your butcher's writ withdrawn:
 This must be done, in debts of play
 Your honour suffers no delay;
 And not this year's nor next year's rent
 The sons of rapine can content.
 Look round, the wrecks of play behold,
 Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold!
 Their owners now to jails confin'd,
 Show equal poverty of mind.
 Some, who the spoils of knaves were made,
 Too late attempt to learn their trade.
 Some, for the folly of an hour,
 Become the dirty tools of pow'r,

And, with the mercenary list,
 Upon court charity subsist.
 You'll find at last this maxim true,
 Fools are the game which knaves pursue.
 The forest (a whole century's shade)
 Must be one wasteful ruin made :
 No mercy's shewn to age or kind,
 The general massacre is sign'd ;
 The park too shares the dreadful fate,
 For duns grow louder at the gate.
 Stern clowns, obedient to the squire,
 (What will not barbarous hands for hire.)
 With brawny arms repeat the stroke ;
 Fall'n are the elm and rev'rend oak ;
 Thro' the long wood loud axes sound,
 And eccho groans with every wound,
 To see the desolation spread,
Pan drops a tear and hangs his head ;
 His bosom now with fury burns,
 Beneath his hoof the dice he spurns ;
 Cards too, in peevish passion torn,
 The sport of whirling winds are borne,
 To snails inveterate hate I bear,
 Who spoil the verdure of the year ;
 The caterpillar I detest,
 The blooming spring's voracious pest ;
 The locust too, whose ravenous band
 Spreads sudden famine o'er the land.
 But what are these ? the dice's throw
 At once hath laid a forest low :
 The cards are dealt, the bett is made,
 And the wide park hath lost its shade.
 Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,
 And all its ancient glories waste.
 And this he cries is fortune's doing,
 'Tis thus she meditates my ruin :
 By fortune that false, fickle jade,
 More havock in one hour is made,

Than

Than all the hungry insect race,
 Combin'd, can in an age deface.
 Fortune, by chance, who near him past,
 O'er heard the vile aspersion cast.
 Why, *Pan* (says she) what's all this rant?
 'Tis every country bubble's cant.
 Am I the patroness of vice?
 Is't I who cog or palm the dice?
 Did I the shuffling art reveal,
 To mark the cards, or range the deal;
 In all the employments men pursue,
 I mind the least what gamesters do.
 There may (if computation's just)
 One now and then my conduct trust:
 I blame the fool; for what can I,
 When ninety nine my power defy;
 These trust alone their fingers ends,
 And not one stake on me depends.
 Whene'er the gaming board is set,
 Two classes of mankind are met;
 But if we count the greedy race,
 The knaves fill up the greater space.
 'Tis a gross error, held in schools,
 That fortune always favour fools:
 In play it never bears dispute;
 That doctrine these fell'd oaks confute.
 Then why to me such rancour show;
 'Tis folly, *Pan*, that is thy foe.
 By me his late estate he won,
 But he by folly was undone.

*A Letter from a gentleman in the country to
his friend in town against spirituous liquors.*

THE fatal and destructive effects of the excessive use of spirituous liquors, especially Whiskey, being at present a general subject of conversation, and there being some reason to hope something may be done to put a stop to it, by the legislature's being apprized of the sense of the nation on that head, which they are always ready to attend to; in a matter of such consequence as the very being of a state, methinks every man of abilities in the kingdom should exert himself, to rouse an unthinking people from the lethargy into which pleasure and luxury have plunged them. Pity your sinking country, save your poor distracted fellow creatures, who are destroying themselves, and if they be not restrain'd, will involve you and your family in the general ruin. If it be certain, that since the introduction of spirituous liquors, the number of births yearly has been for some time decreasing, and the burials increasing at a dreadful rate, the fruit of the womb blasted before it has seen the light; besides the shortening of the lives of those who have come into the world. If it is certain, as it is affirmed by the traders of the city, that the bodily strength of the people is so decayed, within the memory of those now alive, that working men are not able to carry two thirds of what they could formerly do with ease, occasioned by the mischievous effects of that cursed poisonous drench. If it be plain to every man's reason, and confirmed by the united authorities of the ablest judges, as *Boorhave, Hoffman, Hales, Hartley*, and the college of physicians, that fermented distilled spirituous liquors, are to the last degree detrimental to the human constitution, being the causes of drop-

sies,

fies, jaundice, consumption, fluxes, dejection, frenzy, &c. If it be evident, that the excessive use of these liquors the spirit of industry must be sunk, and the hands which should carry on the trade and manufactures of the nation enfeebled: if it be in the power of every miscreant to enflame his blood, and fit himself for the most horrible barbarities, for a few pence, if it be accordingly found by the magistrates who have the examination of those wretches who are every day brought before them for robberies and villanies of all kinds, that it is from the enflaming draught of whiskey, or other spirituous liquors, they derive courage to perpetrate mischief: if by this means we find that neither our lives or properties are safe, if the number or good constitution of a people are the only strength and security of a nation, and both these are by the prevalency of this poison daily declining, and of consequence our naval or military force decaying, if the numbers of the poor be, thro' the effect of an universal debauchery, daily increasing, and consequently the consumption of food, cloathing and household furniture, lessening, and our home trade and manufactures sinking, if the infection be every day spreading from the capital, thro' the manufacturing towns and provinces, if there is such a quantity of this liquid fire swallowed by our wretched countrymen; if health, life, and soul, are all going to destruction, and great numbers brought to an untimely end, by the force of this fatal maddening drench; death and hell opening their jaws, and swallowing our wretched fellow creatures by thousands; if these things are so, is it not time, Sir, to sound an alarm that may reach the ears of those who have it in their power to remedy this dreadful evil, and prevent the impending misery. If you ask what I would have you do in this case, I would to God I had your strength of mind and constitution, I would manage so, that in a short time there should not be

a person in the nation ignorant of the dreadful danger that hangs over us. I would call upon many persons in the kingdom, from the merchants, and inhabitants of *Dublin*, to those of the smallest corporation in the country, to join in a petition to parliament, and to his most gracious majesty, the father of his people ; I would sacrifice my ease, my fortune, and my life ; I would — But O my unhappy country ! how art thou sunk ! what ruin must come upon thee, if thou dost not quickly wake from the luxurious dream of pleasure, which locks up thy senses, and hides from thy sight the things which belong to thy peace ! who without grief, can behold *Ireland*, the seat of liberty, plenty, and learning, and one of the most distinguish'd spots now under heaven, polluted and disgrac'd by the most infamous vices : lost in sensuality and selfishness, sunk and enervated in pleasure, luxury and folly ; groaning beneath the weight of perjury, venality, irreligion, faction, and licentiousness, greatly prejudiced by spirituous liquors, and hastening fast the desolation and ruin. For these, if the natures of things are not altered, and all past history be not a fable, will and must be the consequence of such disorders and abominations as ours are, when prevalent. — Grant me kind heaven, but one petition, that before the calamities come upon my country, which those things threaten, my head may be laid in the silent grave, that I may not see the most dismal sight the human eye can behold, the fall of a great and happy nation.

*The reform'd husband's resolution against
drinking Whiskey.*

A DIEU to curs'd Whiskey for ever,
It has been the plague of my Life,
And now I am rid of the traytor,
I may live at home without strife.
It's an author of feud and Dissention,
A robber that plunders the poor,
It's fit for no man of distinction,
But either a thief or a whore.
It kills more men in a quarter,
Than famine or sword in a year,
It wafts more over styx water,
Than *Charon's* old boat can well bear.
It's a stygian sulph'rous liquor,
That first was invented in hell,
The D——l himself was the author,
Which men of experience can tell.
The author of whiskey the D——l,
To bring more grist to his mill,
And knowing the consequence evil,
This Whiskey begun to distil.

A Poem on being asked what was Fancy.

SAYS reason to fancy we seldom agree ;
Quick replies fancy, that's nothing to me ;
For were we to follow thy formal old rule,
How should we distinguish the wit from the fool ;
We should scorn pompydores, foreign fashions and
taste,
And our judgments confine to act all for the best :
Therefore do no more my resentment provoke,
I'll have my free choice to humbugg, rail or joke,

I fancy to drink, tho' I know it is wrong ;
 Reason forsakes me, and quickly is gone.
 Oh ho ! is it so ; answered reason again,
 Henceforward I'll shun all such fanciful men ;
 Your pride shall prevail, self-will be your guide,
 Sophistry, logick, artful words shall preside :
 Superiors o'er you with laws fetters shall reign,
 Inferiors shall murmur and never complain ;
 All vice ye shall practice from theft unto treason,
 And falsely excuse your selves by your own reason ;
 Power shall encrease ; wars may reason quite blind,
 When sham justice declares, I'll act to my mind ;
 Disputes shall be multiplied, who otherwise can
 say,
 Beauty, law, merit, depends upon fancy.
 You'll call reason for drinking, reason for folly,
 Reason for sadness, the same to be jolly ;
 Then bribe, sell and barter me, e'en as you please,
 'Twill prove in the end but a fancied ease.
 Deluded poor mortals to fancy a thing,
 That in a short time, sure destruction will bring.

Of Happiness.

HAPPINESS is seated in the Heart, and there we ought to search for, and destroy the enemies of it's felicity. What are it's enemies ; immoderate desires, and desires imply want and indigence. Whoever shall be the tranquil possessor of all the blessings of the earth, if he at length imagines one which he cannot procure, and which he shall make the object of its desires, will be really poor. This is the lesson taught us by reason : She demonstrates that we ought not to measure the wealth of a man by what he enjoys, but by what he has learnt not to want. *Socrates* had acquired this true riches, when he said, on examining the lux-

luxury of some *Athenians*, how many things are here useless, and superfluous to me! reason therefore discovers the only path to happiness; she snatches us from imaginary blessings, to procure us those that are real. But it may be objected, that in this the difficulty consists, that to moderate the passions is a perpetual punishment; and that happiness cannot be consistent with this continual conflict. It might be replied, that the sollicitude occasioned by being subject to the passions, produces an appearance of good that is still more cruel, and that of two evils a prudent man will chuse the least. But is the pain of conquering the passions so great as is imagined; ask the undeceived courtier, disgusted with the service, and whom a fortunate ship-wreck has conducted into port; examine the wise artist, who satisfied with the simple necessaries furnished by his labour, knows no wants, because he knows no desires; they will give you the same answer, that a philosopher formerly made to *Alexander*.

This learned sage, tho' sprung from royal blood, was reduced to the necessity of procuring subsistence from a small field, which he cultivated with his own hands, but at last was suddenly chosen to fill the throne of his ancestors. *Alexander* asking him how he had supported his poverty, received this celebrated answer; Would to God I may be able to support my new dignity with equal fortitude. In my former situation, these hands furnished me with subsistence, and while I had nothing, I wanted nothing. But if the lovers of pleasures and riches falsely contradict the testimony of this great man, let them have recourse to experience; let them endeavour to restrain their desires, and they will soon cry out, I possess every thing. for I want nothing — It is a maxim approved of by all writers, ancient and modern, that example is of more weight than precept; and that the actions of one man celebrated for his piety, virtue, and learning

contribute more to a reformation of manners, and to fix the love of virtue in the minds of youth, than the finest declamations of orators, or the most beautiful laws of the wisest legislators. — No station in this world can afford us unmix'd pleasure ; I will therefore neither envy nor wish for the happiness I see, lest with it, I meet those miseries, that lie obscure, and bring me to repentance for my unbounded and wanted desires. Happiness is confined to no rank or degree, but often leaves the superb apartments of higher life, to revel amidst the calm retirements of humble stations.

The self-taught Philosopher, A Tale.

CYMON, a poor, but happy wight,
 In tranquile ease enjoy'd his mite ;
 Tho' small, 'twas comfort, still the clown
 Cou'd justly call it all his own :
 From debts, from duns, entirely free,
 Acquir'd by toilsome industry.
 If fortune added to his store,
 Tho' grateful, he requir'd no more ;
 If she deducted, — 'twas her will,
 Resign'd, 'twas happy Cymon still.
 By no capricious humour tost,
 In no foul gust of passion lost,
 A Stoick he, without the rules
 Preach'd up in philosophick schools,
 And without knowledge, still was blest,
 By thinking all things for the best.
 Lord of his stock, tho' very small,
 One lamb, a cow, and honest Ball ;
 A horse so old, so poor and lame,
 He scarce deserv'd the very name ;
 Yet such the ~~one~~ that fortune sent,
 And happy Cymon was content.

With

With these he trod the path of life,
Free from ambition, care and strife.

All sorrow feel, or soon or late,
None are above the reach of fate :
And 'twas poor Cymon's luck to feel,
Th' uncertain turns of fortune's wheel,
One night some pilf'ring villains came
And carry'd off his wanton lamb :
Next morn he found his sportling stole,
At first a sigh broke from his soul ?

But by reflection's mild relief,
He soon appeas'd his growing grief :

' Well, well, (quoth he) it's gone I throw ;

' Thank God ! they have not stole my cow.

Short comfort this ; another theft

Poor Cymon of his cow bereft.

' 'Twas cruel, hard, zooks ! worse and worse ;

' But patience, they have left my horse.

And well the reason you may judge,
They could not get the beast to trudge.

Misfortunes one another breed,
Death snatch'd away his fav'rite steed.

To top the whole, his landlord sent,
And seiz'd the household stock for rent.

For now by many ills beset,

The clown was in his worship's debt,
Whose narrow soul, and thirst of pelf,
Concenter'd all within himself.

Now stripp'd of all his former store,
What should he do, — why work for more ;

And scrape up as he'd done before.

With this resolve he quits the Cot,

Once witness of his happy lot ;

And now his mind and heart at ease,

Express'd himself in words like these :

' Why shou'd I murmur at my fate ?

' There's Farmer *Hobbs*, tho' rich of late,

' Is now reduc'd to bitter want ;

' May Heav'n a speedy comfort grant,

Yet

- ‘ Yet youth and vigour blefs my life,
- ‘ And God be prais’d I have no wife ;
- ‘ What once they’ve done, these hands of mine
- ‘ Can do again, then why repine ?
- ‘ Come, come, to work, we must of course ;
- ‘ Thank providence it is no worse.’

Then o’er his back his flail he swung,
 And gayly whistling jogg’d along :
 Kind fortune his endeavours crown’d,
 And Cymon’s matters soon came round,
 Riches beyond his wish increase,
 And plenty blest’d his days with peace.

Here this important truth we find,
 Content is center’d in the mind.
 Our portion Heav’n allots of care,
 Most blest are they who best can bear
 Tis manly never to despair.

}

Of thrift, diligence, method, and good management, and thereby attaining riches.

LET a man be ever so skilful in merchandize, or anxious in trade, he must never expect to acquire riches, if he be not thrifty, diligent, and methodical. And thrift, diligence, and method in business seldom fail to raise a man’s fortune in every condition of life. Many individuals have grown rich by thriftiness only within the memory of man, and the compass of our acquaintance, every reader, no doubt, can furnish himself with examples of a carpenter, a shoemaker, a taylor, and other inferiour tradesmen who by thrift, have gained the reputation of rich men. And we may be assured, that there are very few, who, if they please to recollect their past lives, will not find that had they laid up all those little sums they have spent in coach-hire, plays, ridottos, and at the tavern, or other places of chargeable resort, they would have found themselves at present, masters of a competent fortune, rather than

in

in need of an act of insolvency. Diligence, is always a necessary and natural companion of thrift; and therefore the *Italians* who are very happy in their proverbial conciseness, recommends them both to common use in the following lines,

Never do that by Proxy, which you can do yourself.
Never defer that till to-morrow, which you can do to day.

Never neglect small matters and expences.

And that method in business is another great means of obtaining riches; even by men of the meanest capacities; there can be no doubt, when we often see men of dull and phlegmatick tempers, amassing great treasures by a regular and orderly disposition of their business; and men of the greatest parts and most lively imaginations puzzling their affairs and declining in their substance for want of method. We may therefore agree to the opinion of a great statesman, who attributed the whole art of dispatching a multitude of affairs well, to the doing one thing at once. If, says he, I have any necessary dispatches to make, I think of nothing else till those are finished; if any domestick affairs requires my attention, I give my self wholly up to them, till they are set in order. The reason why some men of the greatest learning, and accomplishments are not rich, is not always to be ascribed to an over ruling fate; but either to their preferring something else to wealth; or to their not being content to get an estate, unless they may do it in their own way, and at the same time consume it upon their vices, and unnecessary gratifications of unbounded appetites. Therefore to make use of the words of an eminent citizen, when I see a young fellow just set up in trade, with his footman, and his brace of geldings, his country house and his mistress, a constant attendant on play houses; and a critic on plays and players, a beau in his dress, and a blockhead in his
in-

intellects, loitering away the day in Coffee-houses, and the evening at the spring gardens, or in taverns ; I may be allowed to conclude that his mind is run away from his business, and that his trade is consequently declining. Those who so conduct themselves are surely much to blame ; but perhaps not more than the incautious merchant who trusts them. Next to this, tho' perhaps not equally criminal, is the vanity of trading deep, before their heads are well settled at all ; a man in this case may attend to his business with all imaginable care and anxiety, yet ruin himself, and injure all concerned with him. This wrong turn of mind springs from an idle desire of growing rich in a hurry, imagining, that all happiness centers in wealth ; and such men will hardly believe, that it is better to be rich at fifty years of age, than at thirty. This notion of growing rich in haste has thrown trade under most of the inconveniencies wherewith it now labours, by creating a kind of random credit, undersellings, ill-finished commodities, &c. Our most experienced traders rarely grow rich on a sudden ; they generally find much wealth, fairly acquired, and old age come together ; which they who have more spirit, and less judgment, commonly attain to in rags and beggary.

An excellent example of Frugality.

IN the reign of King *James* the 2d. an eminent burgomaster of *Amsterdam*, having, with much grief, observed the degeneracy which began to shew itself among the *Dutch*, and the excesses which were the issue of wealth and idleness, took this method to shew his countrymen the folly and danger of their prodigalities. He invited the whole magistracy (consisting of thirty six persons) and
 - their

their ladies to a dinner, which they made no doubt both for variety and delicacy, would be worthy both of him and them, but how great was their disappointment, when they saw the first course upon the board, consisting of apples boil'd in butter-milk, stock fish with turnips and carrots, red herrings, a lettuce sallad : And for drink, small beer ; the master invited his guests to fall to, the ladies pleaded want of appetite ; the men look'd like the young prophets, when they cried out, that death was in the pot, and till the table was clear'd, scarce a word was spoke. But then there appear'd under every plate a scroll of verses, signifying, that such was the fare of their fore-fathers, when their city began first to thrive, and the states to have a name among the nations. The second course was then served up, which consisted of Butchers meat of every sort, roasted and boil'd : But all undisguised with the arts of cookery, and without any other sauce, than what a good stomach was to supply. *English* beer and *French* wine, were likewise added to the side-board ; and when the table was clear'd a second time, certain other verses presented themselves, by which the guests were inform'd, that, with regard to the wants of nature, these were luxuries ; that it was the office of reason to regulate both the taste and the appetite ; that by living thus, they would leave both their wealth and their temperance to their heirs, who being used to such excellent examples, would blush to be thought degenerate by their children. The table was then spread with all manner of fish and fowl, wild and tame, exquisitely dress'd, and relish'd with the most agreeable sauces, which were served up in plate, accompanied with wines of the finest growths of the *Rhine*, *Moselle*, *champaign* and *burgundy*, and followed with a poetical memorial, importing, that all beyond Enough was too Much ; that all beyond nourishment was luxury ; and that all beyond decency was
extra-

extravagance ; that intemperance had a smiling aspect, but a dreadful retinue, consisting of a composition of diseases that death had been their cook, and that he had infused a slow poison in every sauce. The last scroll seem'd to strike a momentary damp on the spirits of the guests ; which was soon forgot, on the appearance of a most magnificent desert, to which not only all *Europe*, but both the *Indies* had contributed, followed by several rich wines, and every other delicacy that wealth without bounds could purchase. After which the handwriting again denounced, that Luxury is to property, what a plague is to health ; that 'tis equally contagious, and equally destructive ; that 'tis the disease of which the noblest monarchies, and most flourishing states have died ; that when it became epidemical in a country depending on commerce, like theirs, a dissolution must inevitably follow ; in consequence of which, the rich and renowned city of *Amsterdam* would again be reduced to a fishing village, and their posterity become as poor as their ancestors were, without their continence, industry or virtue. This wise, seasonable and excellent admonitions of this notable burgomaster, 'tis more than probable, had just as much effect at *Amsterdam*, as the repetition of them, would have in *London* or *Dublin*. The rigor of them was, perhaps, ridiculed by a few, the truth acknowledged by the majority, and the application neglected by all ; So powerful is reason in the field, so insignificant are the fruits of her victories.

A remarkable and true bill of fare for a Corporation in London, in 1478.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
T WO loyns of veal and two loyns of mutton	0	1	4
One loyn of beef	0	0	4
One dozen of pigeons, and one dozen of rabbits	0	0	9
One pig and one capon	0	1	0
One goose and a hundred eggs	0	1	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
One leg of mutton	0	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Two gallons of sack	0	1	4
Eighteen gallons of strong ale	0	1	6
	0	7	6

A remarkable Entertainment on a Birth-day.

MONDAY May 13th. 1751, was celebrated at *Wentworth* house in *Yorkshire*, in a very magnificent manner, the birth day of the marquis of *Rockingham*, where there was the most numerous appearance of gentlemen and others ever seen on the like occasion; for whom there was an entertainment provided which consisted, amongst several other things, of the following particulars, (to wit) one hundred and ten dishes of roast beef, seventy pies, fifty five dishes of mutton, forty eight hams, fifty five dishes of lamb, seventy dishes of veal, forty dishes of chickens, one hundred and four dishes of fish: And the liquors drank on the occasion were, thirteen hogheads of ale, twenty hogheads

hogsheads of strong beer, eight hogsheads of Punch, and four hogsheads of wine. There were besides eight hogsheads of strong beer drank the day following, and forty load of wheat baked into bread and pies. There were upwards of ten thousand guests in the whole; three thousand of which, or upwards, were entertained within the house: And after they had dined, the victuals was carried out into the booths for the populace, who had strong beer and ale as much as they pleased. The whole was conducted with as great regularity as could be expected where there was so great a concourse of people. The strong beer was most of it brew'd in the year 1730.

A remarkable Marriage.

JULY 15th, 1757. was married at *Black Barnsley* in *Yorkshire*, *Thomas Gregory*, a rich farmer in that neighbourhood, aged about eighty, to *Mrs. Lydia Trunball*, a widow of near the same age. They had been neighbours for upwards of fifty years, and being each three times married. As it was publickly known some days beforehand, the Church which is but small, was quite thronged; the old couple seemed full of spirits, and as gay as the youngest there. Every room in the farmer's house was full at dinner, which consisted of nothing but beans and bacon. Eighty loaves (the number of years the bridegroom was old) were given to the poor, with as much beer as they could drink; so that most of them were so intoxicated, that the farmer's barns and outhouses were filled with lodgers; and those within doors, after they had danced and caroused till sun-rising, went reeling home.

home. Such a wedding has not been seen in *Yorkshire* for many years past, and may be talked of for many years to come.—This particular account of this marriage was related to me for fact.

Advice to Servants in the following particulars, viz. Honesty, Carefulness, Obedience, Diligence: Of Submission to Rebukes, Neatness. Of receiving and delivering Messages. Discretion, &c.
By a Servant.

BROTHERS in servitude attend my theme,
 Then will its precepts free you from much
 blame,
 Wholesome advice the friendly muse indites,
 And for your good your fellow servant writes.
 Not that I think myself compleat and free
 From those defects which I in others see:
 But some you know, 'gainst drunkenness will cry,
 Yet from their houses to the tavern fly;
 So I by precept, not example shew,
 What 'tis we ought to be, and what we ought to
 do.

Honesty.

First let strict justice in our breasts reside,
 And truth and honesty our actions guide;
 Let no temptations draw us to abuse
 The trust which masters in our faith repose;

Reflect

Reflect how vile, how base 'twould be to cheat
 The man who cloaths us, and whose bread we eat.
 Then, to be branded with the odious name
 Of one not to be trusted, spoils our fame.
 What master can commend us when we go;
 Or who will keep us when they find us so.
 For find us out they surely will, at last,
 Some circumstance mismanag'd in our haste.
 The crime betrays, or some malicious eye,
 Watchful of mischief does the fault descry,
 Or grant you are so dext'rous in deceit,
 As undiscover'd to go thro' the cheat,
 Yet future strife with partners may reveal
 The latent crime, and all the secret tell:
 Straight you're discharg'd, your reputation lost,
 Nor can you hope to gain a second post;
 Not so the honest man, his peaceful breast,
 Nor, doubts nor fears, nor guilty thoughts molest;
 Just his designs, his actions all are just,
 He gains his masters love, esteem and trust.
 Int'rest, that sly seducer of the will,
 Can never move his steady soul to ill.
 Nor is he just but in his master's view,
 When fear of being caught may keep him true.
 Absent or present, 'tis the very same;
 He shuns the guilt more than he dreads the shame
 And scorns to act, tho' safe, a thing that merits
 blame.

Thus after long experience oft has prov'd
 His steady virtue is not to be mov'd,
 Of his known faithfulness so well assur'd,
 From fears of fraud his master rests secur'd:
 And should occasion happen in his breast,
 His gold, his secrets, or his life might rest.
 This gains us love, by this alone we climb
 Up to our master's favour and esteem:
 And, if it ever in his power lie,
 A better post rewards our long fidelity.

Carefulness

Carefulness.

But honesty, tho' highly to be priz'd,
 As that in which most virtues are compriz'd ;
 Is not alone, sufficient to compleat
 Him, who in servitude must earn his meat.
 'Tis not enough that we our selves are true,
 We must take care that others are so too ;
 For should we be unmindful of our trust,
 'Tis much the same, as if we were unjust :
 If others cheat, embezzle, and purloin,
 Thro' my neglect, the fault as much is mine,
 As if I actually with them combine.
 For masters on our care as much rely,
 As on our justice and integrity :
 Therefore to them it is the self-same cheat,
 If done by carelessness or by deceit.

Daniel Decant an honest butler was,
 As ever tapp'd a cask, or fill'd a glass ;
 He never wrong'd his master of a cup,
 And, for his own part, rarely drank a sup :
 But *Daniel*, now and then, if call'd away,
 In heedless haste runs and forgets his key.
 This in the door the jolly coachman spies ;
 He tips the wink to *Tom*. *Tom* minds his eyes ;
 Joyful down stairs they haste, their thirst appease,
 And three or four the largest bottles seize,
 Which to a private place convey'd by stealth,
 Serve at convenient times to drink poor *Daniel's*
 health ;

Here *Daniel* cheats his master by neglect,
 As much as if he really did the fact ;
 For so much wine, if from his cellar's gone,
 Is so much loss, which way so'er 'tis done.
 Let us be careful then as well as just,
 So shall our masters safely us intrust.

Obedience

Obedience.

Next as we're servants, masters at our hands
 Expect obedience to all just comma ds ;
 Which, if we rightly think, is but their due,
 Nor more than we in reason ought to do.
 Purchas'd by annual wages, cloaths and meat,
 Theirs is our time, our hands, our head, our feet :
 We think, design, and act at their command,
 And as their pleasure varies, walk or stand ;
 While we receive the covenanted hire,
 Active obedience justly they require :
 If we dislike, and think it too severe,
 We're free to leave, and seek a place elsewhere.

Diligence.

Of diligence I now proceed to speak,
 O may the muse perswasive influence make ;
 And one would think few words would serve t'
 enforce,
 Because the advantage 'rising from it is ours.
 But some I doubt, are so with sloth possess'd,
 They can't embrace it, tho' they know 'tis best ;
 Loitering they stand, their business all to do,
 Till the last pinch, then carelessly run thro'
 Half done, half undone, and amidst their throng,
 'Tis ten to one, but something is done wrong.
 Not so *Jack Swift* ; he lays a method down,
 Proceeds in business regularly on, }
 And follows it with vigour 'till 'tis done.
 One hour for this, and one for that ordains,
 Nor lets th' appointed time slip idly thro' his hands.
 His business thus pursu'd by just degrees,
 Is soonest done, and done with greatest ease ;

For

For when a constant application's us'd,
 Tho' full employ'd we never are confus'd;
 We never seem embarrass'd with our throng,
 Nor run so much the risque of doing wrong:
 We thus for all contingencies prepare,
 Whatever happens we have time to spare,
 But he who to the last his business drives,
 If any unexpected thing arrives,
 His master's forc'd to eat with half clean'd knives. }
 Which, if he chance to see, and blames the crime,
 His best excuse is . . . Sir, I had no time.
 I did not know of this, and that, and that:
 But trust me, brothers, this is idle chat;
 Such lame excuses won't the fault atone,
 Masters expect to have their business done.
 Expect that we should think and have regard
 To what but may be, and so stand prepar'd.

Of Submission to Rebukes.

Submission next must an admittance find,
 The humble liv'ry of a servant's mind;
 By which we ought to be distinguish'd more,
 Than by the liveries on our bodies more:
 For haughtiness and pride but ill agrees
 With one whose duty 'tis to serve and please.
 Not that we should submit to bear the blame
 For others crimes, and guiltless, suffer shame:
 We are not bound to hear our selves abus'd,
 Falsly calumniated and accus'd,
 Without presuming in our own defence,
 To speak a word to clear our innocence.
 This is not what I mean; 'tis only words;
 Or odd peculiar humours of our Lords:
 For humours all mankind, or more or less,
 Of one or of another kind possess.

A differ-

A different temper in each mind's disp'ay'd,
 All have their ways, and all will be obey'd :
 And let me ask one question, is it fit,
 That they to us, or we to them submit ?
 Must they to pleasure us their passions sway,
 And every little humour cast away ;
 Or we to pleasure them, those whims obey.
 No, we with patience must such ills endure,
 For not by changing, can we find a Cure.

Neatness.

But hitherto we've only had respect
 To what concerns the mind or intellect :
 'Tis true internal qualities conduce
 To greater ends, and are of greater use,
 Than those which only serve for outward show,
 As powder'd wigs, clean shirts, and such like do :
 Yet these are necessary, and 'tis fit,
 That those whom time and business will permit, }
 Appear before their masters always clean and neat. }
 But don't ye run into affected ways,
 And apish gestures practis'd now a-days ;
 Be decent, clean, and handsome, but not nice ;
 Respectful and well bred, but not precise.
 Preserve a mean, but of the two extreams,
 A fop less odious than a sloven seems.

Of receiving and delivering Messages.

Tho' this may seem an easy thing to do,
 I fancy it may bear a word or two ;
 Nay, I believe there's some are glad to own,
 That it's as nice a point as any one.

When

When we receive a message, if we stand
 To hear the words, and to receive command,
 We think we've done enough, so post away,
 Nor till we come to speak, think what we have to
 say ;

This causes hesitation and surprize,
 And thus disordered we our thoughts revise,
 And hence confusion and mistakes arise. }

We want to speak, but know not what to say,
 So jumble things together any way.

To remedy this evil, first take care

To get the meaning of the words you hear ;

Find the design, and end for which you're sent, }

Think of each circumstance, and what is meant, }

And this will any gross mistake prevent.

But in some cases it is necessary,

Each single individual word to carry ;

For sometimes in a word which may appear

To us, but little or no weight to bear,

Some secret hint or intimation lies,

Unknown to us, nor seen by vulgar eyes.

Discretion.

Discretion next shall fill the humble theme,

Discretion never fails to gain esteem.

Tho' there may be more shining qualities,

Yet none more useful will be found than this :

This guides our virtues right, and checks our
 crimes,

And teaches how to act at proper times.

Forbids us now to speak, and now commands,

And all our passions within bounds restrains.

Learns us with patience little ills to bear,

And, unprovok'd, in humble silence hear,

A peevish master scold and domineer.

For words may aggravate a trifling jarr,
 (Which silence would have quench'd) into a lasting
 war.

Reasons and arguments are urg'd in vain,
 While passion drives, and anger holds the rein :
 Wait but a moment, till the tempest cease,
 Then you may speak, be heard, and clear yourself
 with ease.

Further you're by this useful virtue taught,
 To think before-hand what may be a fault ;
 To judge what consequences may ensue
 From what you are about to say or do ;
 To act with caution, and with caution speak ;
 Nore'er without occasion silence break :
 And when a question's ask'd, let your replies
 Be pertinent, perspicuous and concise ;
 But just enough to make your meaning clear,
 And fit for you to speak, and them to hear.
 But above all be careful to conceal
 What passes in the house in which you dwell ;
 Your master's house his closet ought to be,
 Where all are secrets which you hear or see :
 Things which may seem of smallest consequence,
 Ought not by any means be carried thence ;
 For he who indiscreetly talks small things,
 May be suspected of the same in all things.
 These, and yet more untold advantages,
 Guide the discreet and teach him how to please :
 Teach him with cunning skill to search and find
 The darling humours of a master's mind ;
 Which once discover'd, we with ease attain
 The art to please him, and his favour gain :
 These are the chief, but we must add to these,
 A thousand other little niceties,
 To servants only known, which tho' they seem
 To some but trifles, are not so to them.
 A word well tim'd, or some small action done,
 In which a visible good meaning shone,

Is oft with secret approbation seen,
 And the first rise to many a one has been.
 In short this virtue in a servant's breast,
 Brightens and adds a value to the rest ;
 Sets us at work at proper times and gives
 Rules to our words, our actions, and our lives.—

With what humanity ought a master to treat that man whom fortune has subjected to be his servant ; how ought he to endeavour to mollify and alleviate the irksomeness of his servitude ; and by the sweetness of his temper and mildness of his commands, make that to be perform'd willingly, which would otherwise be done with reluctance ; always remembering that tho' he is advanced never so far above him by fortune, he is yet nearly related to him by nature ; and that had it not been for some accidental circumstances, he might perhaps have been in his condition. These reflections would naturally tend to abate the harshness and severity with which some gentlemen treat their servants. In this turn of mind they would be sometimes led to regard them as men, endued with the same faculties, passions, appetites, and desires with themselves ; and not as slaves or beasts of burthen, cut out merely for servitude, and incapable of any thing in the world, but to know what they are commanded, and how to obey : How happy then ought that man to account himself, who is bless'd with a discreet and intelligent servant ; his commands are received with attention, understood without repetition, and perform'd without confusion. He is not tormented with the nonsense and impertinence, which for want of discretion, the generality of servants are daily guilty of. In short, when a man is serv'd by a wise and discreet servant, he is free from any apprehensions of his conduct in whatsoever he entrusts him with, or employs him about.— A servant should be studi-

ous to preserve his reputation: For if that be once lost, he is like a cancell'd writing, of no value; and at best do but survive his own funeral: For reputation is like a glass, which being once crack'd, will never be made whole again.——Servants should not deal worse with their masters for dealing better with them, but conscionably do their work, that the proverb be not verified in them, he that pays his servants wages before-hand, cuts off his right arm; that is, occasions him to be slothful and lazy.

Rashness and haste make all things unsecure,
 All great concernments must delay endure;
 Think on the means, the manner, and the end,
 When any great design thou dost intend;
 And if uncertain thy pretensions be,
 Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty.
 On all occasions to declare the truth,
 Is most praise-worthy in a virtuous youth:
 A fault extenuated by a lye,
 Is doubled in reality thereby;
 And he that to this vice becomes a slave,
 In sure destruction shall his portion have.

*A Letter from an Attorney on his Circuit,
 to his Mistress in town.*

My dear Charmer,

THE circuit is now at an end, and the judges and lawyers on their return home, but no felon sentenced at the assizes to transportation could have been in a more wretched plight than your humble servant, for I can safely make affidavit, that each day that I behold not your lovely face, is to me a *Dies non*; Cupid the tipstaff has served me with

with an attachment from your bright eyes, more dreadful than a green wax process, he has taken my heart into custody, and will not accept of bail : Unless you allow of my plea, I must be non-suited in a cause I have set my heart on : Why will you, while I pine in hopes of a speedy rejoinder, hang me up term after term, by frivolous delays which tend only to gain time. I filed my bill as of last *Michaelmas-term* on the morrow of *All Souls*, in hopes e'er this to have joined issue with you : It is now fifteen days from *Easter-day*, and by your demurring I am as far from bringing my cause to an hearing, as before I commenced my suit ; you still delay giving in your answer, which is absolutely against the practice of all the courts ; I would willingly quit the fattest client there, to attend your business, would you but submit to a reference, and should prefer an attendance at the chambers to those of a master in chancery. I stand in great need of an able council to move my suit while I am absent ; that sly slut *Dolly* your chamber-maid has taken my fee, yet I fear betrays my cause ; she is ever preferring some cross bill which protracts matters, and yet I do not sue in *Forma Pauperis*, being ready and willing to infeoff you in a good jointure, and to this I will bind myself, my heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, by a deed in which you shall nominate trustees. To save expences, my clerk shall engross it, and it shall be perused by your own lawyer, it being left as a quere, how vastly preferable the title of a *Feme Covert*, is to that of a spinster ; but you still answer short to all my interlocutory interrogatories : If I could but once obtain a leading order to try my title, by even a jury of your own friends, I am certain I should obtain a verdict in my favour, and recover costs against you, for I have a good action for attendance, and loss of time, tho' upon the *Posse*, I do not think I could find in my heart

to issue a *Ca. Sa.* against you, or put you into any court, but that of hymen. You have equity in your own breast, and from thence I hope for relief; decree but for me, and the day of *Essoign* shall be that of your own nuptials, and the eve of the lasting felicity of, dear creature, your humble supplicant, and faithful orator, &c.

Advice to a young Lady in her Prime.

BE H O L D what lustres now adorn
 The gloomy beauties of the morn;
 How fresh the bloom and buds appear,
 What scents perfume the fluid air;
 'The blushing rose with sweet delight
 Regaling both the smell and sight;
 'The pearly dew with glitt'ring pride,
 And all the charming scenes beside.
 Behold 'em now, and then anon,
 Say, where is all their glory gone;
 'Thus *Sylvia*, thus 'twill be with you,
 'Tho' now you shine like pearly dew;
 'Tho' now your charms more sweets disclose,
 'Than those flow from the blushing rose;
 'Tho' now the morn less lustre yields,
 And all the beauties of the fields;
 Such is inevitable doom,
 Old age, alas! will quickly come;
 When what we so admir'd before,
 Will ne'er have power to move us more,
 'Then *Sylvia*, now you're in your prime,
 Be frugal of your precious time;
 Regard with love your faithful swain,
 Now whilst you absolutely reign,
 Your influence past will ne'er return again.

*A Copy of Verses on Mr. Day**Who from his Landlord ran away.*

HERE day and night conspir'd a sudden
 flight,
 For day they say is run away by night,
 Day's past and gone, why, landlord, where's your
 rent,
 Did you not see that day was almost spent ?
 Day pawn'd and sold and put off what he might,
 Tho' it be ne'er so dark, day will be light.
 You had one day a tenant, and would fain,
 Your eyes could see that day but once again.
 No landlord, no ; now you may truly say,
 (And to your cost too) you have lost the day,
 Day is departed in a mist, I fear,
 For day is broke, and yet does not appear.
 From time to time he promis'd still to pay,
 You should have rose before the break of day;
 But if you had, you'd have got nothing by it,
 For day was cunning, and broke over night,
 Day, like a candle, is gone out, but where,
 None knows, unless to the other hemisphere.
 Then to a tavern let us haste away,
 Come cheer up—hang't—'tis but a broken day,
 And he that trusted day for any sum,
 Will have his money, if that day will come.
 But how now landlord, what's the matter pray,
 What you can't sleep you long so much for day.
 Have you a mind fir, to arrest a day,
 There's no such bailiff now as *Joshua*,
 Cheer up then, man, what tho' you've lost a sum,
 Do you not know that pay day yet will come,
 I will engage, do you but leave your sorrow,
 My life for your's day comes again to-morrow,

And for your Rent—never torment your soul,
You'll quickly see day peeping thro' a hole.

*Of the inconsiderate Folly of those who re-
sort to Fortune-tellers.*

LITTLE their learning, less their sense,
Who put in stars such confidence,
And think those senseless bodies can
Govern the life and fate of man.
How can we boast our state is free,
If under such necessity.
That beings quite inanimate,
The will of man should actuate :
And unlearn'd dunces should foretel,
Who shall do ill, or who do well ;
Predict our fortunes, when 'tis known,
The juggler ne'er could tell his own ;
If they such mighty things could do,
As prove their blind conjectures true,
And make it manifest in print,
Wise men might think there's something in't,
Instead of that their prophecies,
To one true word have twenty lies.
And what by guess they do foretel,
Each prudent man foresees as well.
For fools to think that sun or moon,
Can help him to a stol'n spoon,
Or that to ease the loser's grief,
The planets will declare the thief ;
The novice may as well believe,
The scissars turning with the sieve,
As pin their faith on conjurer's dreams,
Of planets, houses, and their schemes :
Which Fox seems to put in use,
Only to colour his abuse,

And

And keeps the clients thoughts in play,
 Till he has studied what to say,
 And tho' an art he does profess,
 Yet chiefly what he says is guess,
 By which he does fools pockets pick,
 Who think him cunning as old-nick.
 The truth he tells you, is no more,
 Than what he sifts from them before,
 Who aw'd by his affected look,
 And scrawls within his conjuring book,
 Forget the insight they have given him,
 And think at last the devil's in him.
 A wag that had sustain'd a loss,
 And coming to the wizzard's house ;
 Some nasty floven, or else slut,
 Had at his threshold eas'd a gut ;
 The conjurer coming to the door,
 In mighty passion curst and swore,
 That if he knew who 'twas that laid it,
 He'd make them rue the day they did it.
 Nay, says the man, if you've no way,
 To tell who did your door bewray,
 I'll e'en again put up my purse,
 For you can't help me to my horse.
 Would all like him consider right,
 They'd bid astrology good night. —
 When conjurers their purses draw,
 And like two blockheads go to law :
 They shew by such expensive wars,
 There's little wisdom in the stars ;
 And that they ask, who knows the heavens,
 Like us, by fixes, and by sevens ;
 For if one wizzard had foreseen,
 The other should the battle win,
 He'd cry'd *Peccavi*, and not come
 Before a judge to know his doom ;
 I think from thence the world may see,
 They know by th' stars no more than we.

Grace after a Christning Feast.

O U R hearty thanks we humbly pay,
 For the blessings we have tasted ;
 L—d send such christ'nings ev'ry day,
 That we may thus be feasted.
 We bless thee for each merry dame,
 And her good conversation ;
 O bring 'em yearly to the same
 Blest end of their creation ;
 May they abound in girls and boys,
 And come to full perfection,
 That we may meet and thus rejoice,
 To make each babe a christian.
 Bless all good women in their married state,
 Make their pains easy, and their pleasure great.

Another Grace.

B L E S S the good ladies, and the food,
 That heaven has set before us ;
 And may we men prove all so good,
 The women may adore us,
 May these thy fruitful dames live long ;
 Grow every day more handsome :
 And may their husbands prove as strong
 I' the back, as second *Sampson*.
 May they dance merrily each night,
 Without a Pipe or Tabor ;
 And mother midnight bring to light,
 The fruit of all their labour.
 God save the king, and send quite thro' the realm,
 Wives may obey, and men may rule the helm.

Of Pride.

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart of man more imperceptibly ; and covers itself under more disguises than pride. It is worthy of our particular notice, that sentence in holy writ, *Pride was not made for man.* There is not indeed any single view of human nature under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride ; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility. Pride was not made for man, as he is, first, a sinful ; second, an ignorant ; third, a miserable being. There is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity. These three very reasons why he should not be proud, are notwithstanding the reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature ; were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of ; and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions of this passion, and which make one man value himself more than another. A wise man will be contented that his glory be deferred till such time as he shall be truly glorified, when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured, or in other words, when he shall be neither sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable. If there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that

that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them. when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species. — Men are generally governed more by appearances than realities ; and the proud impudent man in his air and behaviour undertakes for himself that he has ability and merit, while the modest and humble gives himself up as one who is possessed of neither.

*Of an insolent, proud, imperious Man,
meeting with his Match.*

I Have heard a story of an insolent man that he used, in a winter of frost and snow, to sit in a coffee-house, with his hat and gloves upon one chair, and his cane and sword upon another, by which he intercepted the benefit of the fire from all the rest of the customers ; who on account of his tremendous character, were afraid to say, thou dost amiss. At last a country gentleman, who had some business in term-time in *Dublin*, seeing the fellow's insolence, went very deliberately, and took up his hat, sword and cane, and thrust them all into the fire, without the imperious hero shewing the smallest symptom of resentment. The company on expressing their surprize, that he suffered himself to be so used ; by *George*, gentlemen, said he, the man who dares throw my hat, sword and cane into the fire, dares to throw me after.

— See the first volume, page 205. *Of Pride.*

A Letter

A Letter from a Quaker to his Friend, relating to his Watch.

LITTLE Dale, the place of the residence of my fleshly tabernacle the 19th of the 9th month in the year of the outward Christ, 1759, where thou mayest be welcome to such as I keep.

Friend *Joseph,*

I desired *Christopher Hopkins* who sells the dead letter, and gains much by trading in such books, to bring to thee an erroneous movement call'd a watch, to give thy friendly correction and reproof: She has long been guilty of lying, and seldom speaks the truth; by her losing I have often been led into mistakes; she has been twice at thy school for amendment, but as yet has profited little at thy hands; I fear her inward principles are not right; for she is very apt to lie; nor dare I thrust to her outward indications; I wish you would cast the spirit of untruth out of her, and instruct her to point to that which is right; plainly, friend, I confide very much in thy ability and outward skill; and hope thy integrity is equal to them, if the fault prove from any defect in the outward man, the spring or any other cause, I must desire thee to rightify them. Evil principles, thee knows, seldom produce good effects, I fear there is some latent root of evil in her, otherwise she would not deceive both thee and me; thee tells me thee has fil'd her, yet all her defilements continues still, thee says thee has turned her canter-wheel right, yet the whole machine goes wrong, thee says thee has taken out her crevices, yet her old sores remain, thee says, thee turned the laps of her teeth, yet she remains

mains unconverted to the truth; and thus in the literal sense, O watchman, thou watchest in vain; thee demands the fifth part of a pound sterling, as the world calls it for thy labour. I own thee art worthy of a recompence when thy labour profit me; but she has been wound up regularly ever since she came to my hands, and yet she errs and fails in her duty; I have once again sent her unto thee; I pray thee enter into a friendly conference with her, and reform this vice of lying, I will board her with thee for a few days, and pay thee for her fare, if thee requires or desirest it, for I would not be too troublesome to thee: I desired our friend *Hopkins* to content thee for thy pains. Thus leaving her to thy friendly care and correction, I remain thy friend,

In the Light, &c.

P. H.

See the first volume page 23. Of the invention of watches, &c. and p. 114. Of a gentleman losing his watch in a tavern. And add between the 4th and 5th line,

Some say the key hung out and would not lock it,
Time scorns to be confined in a pocket.

Vol. III. p. 205. Lines express'd by a gentleman taking out his watch to know the time.

Of the Industry of Noble Women in former Times.

IT appeareth in the history of the acts of *Alexander the Great*, that whilst he was abroad in the wars, that his sisters did spin, and made garments for him of woollen cloth, which they sent
to

to him as great presents, and by him was at the same time worn, and more esteemed than all the silks and precious vestments and garments of the *Persians*, and altho' the noble women in that country take it more in disdain, than to put their hands to wool, yet the sisters of the great king *Alexander* and the noble women of *Macedonia* were no way ashamed to spin, and to make garments thereof, they not thinking the same to be any blemish at all to their nobility and blood. And certainly there can be no reproach therein, but rather an high commendation of virtuous exercise and godly labour. See *Proverbs* 31st. chap. verse 10. &c.

*Of the pleasure of Mind which they receive
who are communicative of Knowledge.*

THE mind of man is indowed by the great author of its existence, with learning, capable of receiving the sublimest knowledge, in which every acquisition, or new improvement, affords it a very high and exquisite source of pleasure. And as the love and desire of knowledge, are so strongly implanted in us by nature, it is no wonder that the attainment of it affords the mind so much delight and satisfaction. We think no labour or trouble too great, provided we can arrive at the knowledge we desire, for when the mind is fully bent on the pursuit of any branch of science, whatever obstacles and difficulties may oppose it, instead of stopping its progress, they increase its ardour, and enhance the pleasure resulting from success. With what surprising patience, and intense study, does the mathematician submit to the rugged and abstract laws of calculation, what dangers, what hardships and inconveniencies does the curious traveller expose himself to, in order to gratify his bound.

boundless thirst of knowledge; the reception of it must therefore afford the mind a great degree of pleasure and delight: But why is knowledge so eagerly desired? why do we spend so much time, pains and application in the prosecution of it? and why do we compass land and sea to discover it? Is it only for our own private satisfaction; to bury it in our own breasts, and secretly enjoy the pleasure of it; no, surely, man is a social being, and, as such, must take delight in contributing whatever lies in his power to promote the benefit of human society, as we have naturally an ardent desire of knowledge, so we are naturally inclined to communicate it to others, whatever pains or trouble the acquisition may have cost us. In fact, we find very few who are fond of having their knowledge concealed in a corner. Vanity, a desire of glory, and the hopes of gain, are all very powerful motives: And the pleasure resulting from the gratification of them effects us in a very sensible manner. But, not to insist upon these, the mind is endowed with more generous principles, which incline us to impart the useful knowledge we have acquired, for the pleasure we take in promoting the benefit and advantage of mankind. It certainly gives the highest pleasure imaginable to a truly benevolent spirit, to relieve the necessities and advance the happiness of our fellow creatures: And this benevolence is as much displayed in removing the wants and imperfections of the mind, as the misfortunes incident to the body. And because it is nobler to give, than to receive; to confer, than to accept a benefit; we may reasonably conclude, that the communication of knowledge affords the mind a far greater degree of pleasure than the reception of it. But before we determine which affords the greatest degree of pleasure to the mind, the reception or communication of knowledge, we must consider them abstractedly. Some, if not the generality

nerality of men, are blest with bright natural parts ; others, tho' not happy in this particular, by assiduously studying the knowledge of men and things, including under the latter the arts and sciences, especially history and natural philosophy, may surpass the former, if they trust to their natural genius : for a man of natural abilities may be compared to a diamond before it is polished. There are then two sorts of men in the world, a man of a natural or promising genius, and a man of acquired learning, gained by indefatigable industry, and close application to the arts and sciences. Now a man of natural abilities, with little application, receives a great deal more pleasure in the reception than in the communication of knowledge ; because he is not conscious of the want, or value of learning ; he enjoying it almost naturally. On the other hand, a man of acquired abilities, receives by the communication of knowledge, much more pleasure than by the reception of it, because he well knows the want of it : Besides the consciousness of doing good, gives his soul an inward satisfaction, and by reflection affords continual supplies of substantial pleasures. We may therefore conclude, that a man of acquired knowledge receives much more pleasure in the communication, than in the reception of knowledge : And, on the contrary, a man of natural genius receives more pleasure in the reception, than in the communication of knowledge.

The Noble Art of Printing was first invented and practised by John Gottenberg, a Soldier at Mentz in High Germany, about the Year 1440. King Henry Vith (Anno 1446.) sent two private Messengers with 500 Marks, to procure one of the Workmen, these prevailed on one Frederick Corseilles, who came over with them, and first instructed the English in this most famous Art.

On the Noble Art and Mystery of Printing.

SA Y, Cadmus, by what ray divine inspir'd,
 Thou for a world's instruction greatly fir'd,
 Wrapt in what vision ! by what God posselt !
 Dawn'd the vast image in thy labouring breast,
 The figure of ideas to display,
 And colour forth the intellectual ray ;
 In speaking silence the dead voice impart,
 And sounds embody by thy wond'rous art ;
 By sight alone to edify the ear,
 To picture thought, and bid the eyes to hear !
 Live, ever live, immortaliz'd in fame !
 To kindred skies assert thy glorious claim ;
 The seeds of reason, till by thee refin'd,
 Lay huddl'd in the chaos of the mind !
 Thy honoured species holds their just pretence
 By thee to triumph over brutal sense :
 Nor urge dominion by a lawless might !
 But sway the whole creation in thy right !
 O born ! the savage passions to controul,
 To dignify, to humanize the soul !

What

What dark hieroglyphicks could disclose,
 By thee enlighten'd, unmisterious, rose !
 That *Cyrus*, *Cæsar*, or young *Ammon* fought,
 We owe to thee that *Plato* thought ;
 Before thy art, tradition vainly told
 Legends confus'd, and oral tales of old !
 Wisdom's great registry ! from age to age
 Recorded, bloom the hero and the sage :
 Live o'er past years, their glorious acts renew,
 While all their immortality's thy due :
 Religion smiles by thee transmitted down,
 And half of inspiration is thy own :——
 Yet still reserves of fame were left t' adorn
 The western world, and nations yet unborn !
 The gen'rous art, unable to withstand
 The errors of the tedious copist's hand.
 Unfaithful to its trust, had almost dy'd,
 Till the fam'd press the failing pen supply'd,
 Scarcely sufficient to preserve its name
 From tyrants, malice and the bigots flame ;
 Nor yet secure thro' mould'ring years to dwell,
 'Midst moths and cobwebs, in a monkish cell,
 Till what the great *Phœnician* had begun,
 Was finish'd by *Germania's* God-like son :
 Learning revives, nor fears again to eke out,
 'Midst papal ignorance and *Gothick* fire ;
 Let glad *Hibernia* hail the noble art,
 That mends the mind, and cultivates the heart !
 New tune thy harp, with permanence secure,
 And charm inspiring muses to thy lure ;
 The rare machine let all her sons revere,
 Nor doubt an *Elzevir* and *Stephen* here ;
 While latest times *Newton*, entire shall boast,
 Nor mourn an *Addison*, like *Liwy* lost.

A Let.

*A letter of condolance to Miss D——M——
to assuage her grief, for the loss of her
sister Molly, who broke her heart at
Chester coming for Ireland, having been
a year in London; who went there be-
cause her husband refused to own her as
his wife, the 17th. of July, 1760, having
a great estate fell to him.*

MISS D——y I read your beautiful letter to
your Sister Meriam to fortify her mind against
the sudden surprize of *Molly's* departure out of this
sinful glozing world, written full of piety, charity,
nature, and grace. But all who have a just sense
of the sufferings of *Christ*, write alike, that is with
a pen guided by his spirit, — for all the sons and
daughters of affliction are the children of God and
joint heirs with Christ. No man rightly knows his
maker, until he is under a severe affliction which
comes from above, as the loss of health, parents,
husband, wife, children, goods and good name;
then the soul mourns night and day, and burns
out the dross of sin; out of this furnace comes a
vessel fit for the refiner. St. *Paul* often bids them
endure affliction, as if we could not be happy with-
out it, because all affliction is a fire to try us, and
to scour off the rust of nature. The smith useth
the hammer, anvil, and file, to make a bright in-
strument, and the marble stone would be very
thankful for the carver's strokes, had it but the use
of reason. So God as with a cutting chizell doth
carve and beautify us for a more noble place
design'd for us; this is a link of that golden chain
which will reach paradise; in their affliction they
will seek me early, saith God, and out of the fur-
nace of affliction have I chosen thee, we are cast
down.

down but not destroyed. I am thy brother in affliction for the loss of friends and for the false and groundless aspersions cast upon the innocent without a cause, but this was for a tryal of my faith, and was sent to humble me under the almighty hand. I could heartily wish that this advice would bind up the wounds of thy broken heart; remember that Christ at his death prayed for his enemies, for fear they should be lost, and so should we do the same thing, for unless we are endued with charity and forgiveness we are not in a state of salvation. Forgive and ye shall be forgiven (saith our Saviour,) for charity exercised with patience is the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which, whosoever liveth is counted dead.—If we suffer with Christ wrongfully, then bear it with patience and it will be acceptable; you must pray for the conversion of that miscreate animal that broke your sister's heart in her blooming years. Be not too anxious for the things of this life, nor in too great a dread for that which is to come, because religious delusion causeth distraction. Tears will not wipe away sin, but is an ingredient to move compassion; he that puts his hand to the plow and looks back is not fit for the kingdom of heaven, that is, we must persevere and pursue our journey with a fortified mind, and not to be faint by the way, faith, repentance, confession and prayer, are the four gospel keys that will open to us the way to heaven.

Farewel, adieu, golden broken heart, adieu.
Z. W.

When we have once resign'd our sinful breath,
(For we can die but once) then after death
Th' immortal soul immediately goes
To endless joys, or everlasting woes.
Wise then are those, who labours to secure,
Their passage safe and their reception sure.

You

You whose fond wishes do to heav'n aspire,
 Who make those blest abodes your sole desire,
 If you are wise, and hope that bliss to gain,
 Use well your time, live not an hour in vain :
 Let not to-morrow your vain thoughts employ,
 But think this day the last you shall enjoy. ———
 Eternity no parent does admit,
 But on itself did first itself beget ;
 A guess, whose large extent no bounds engage,
 A still beginning, never ending age.
 Eternity that boundless, boundless race,
 Which time itself, can never never run,
 (Swift as he flies with an unweary'd pace)
 Which when one hundred thousand years are done,
 It's still the same, and still to be begun.

On the Resurrection.

L I K E to thy seed cast in earth's womb ;
 Or like dead *Lazarus* in his tomb ;
 Or like *Tabitha* being asleep ;
 Or *Jona's* like within the deep,
 Or like the night or stars by day,
 Which seem to vanish quite away ;
 E'en so this death man's life bereaves,
 But being dead, man death deceives :
 The seed now springeth *Lazarus* standeth,
Tabitha wakes, *Jonas* landeth ;
 The night is past, the stars remain,
 So man who dies shall live again.

F. — B.

F——B.——to S——D.—— on pati-
ence, content, and resignation.

*'Tis a prime part of happiness, to know
How much unhappiness must prove our lot ;
A part which few possess ! I'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it misery to be a man ;
Who thinks it is, shall never be divine,
Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.*

I N some former letters I have shewn the excellency of the christian religion, as it reveals to us the nature of God most clearly ; gives us a perfect rule of life, and proposes powerful motives and sanctions to enforce it. I now proceed to shew, as a farther proof of it's excellency, that the motives and considerations to patience and content, which it lays before us, are infinitely superior to whatever philosophers taught ; and more effectual to silence the complaints of grief, than all the consolations of the wise men that ever undertook this friendly office.

As the inconveniences of human life are so many, and it's distresses so various and complicated, we find a great part of the heathen philosophy employed in finding out arguments of consolation, and in proposing to mankind reasons for submission and patience. And surely, how feeble soever their efforts, and how ineffectual and weak soever their cordials, yet they are to be commended, in this respect, for their humanity and generous concern to alleviate the unavoidable evils of this mortal life. But their efforts were feeble, and their cordials weak. How ridiculous, to say no worse of it, was the fundamental position of the Stoicks ! who placed patience in apathy, and contradicted all the common sense, and common feelings of mankind.

And

And for the general topics of consolation, which were offered, so far were they from alleviating, that they aggravated afflictions: If I remember right, the Emperor *Augustus* made some such reply to his miserable comforters, when they laid before him all the common-place saying of the philosophers, to comfort him under a very severe affliction, "What you say," observed he, "are the very things that occasion my uneasiness." For they said that evils were unavoidable; that they are fatal and necessary; that it is vain to be troubled at what we cannot help; that if evils are long they are but light; if sharp but short; and so on. "I am apt to imagine," says a fine writer, "that it is but a very small comfort, which a plain and ordinary man, lying under a sharp fit of the stone, for a week together, would receive from such a sentence as the last. For what pleasure soever men, who are at ease and leisure, may take in being the authors of witty sayings, I doubt it is but poor consolation, that a man under great and stinging afflictions, finds from them." We may apply to them all, *Shakespeare's* expressive words,

I pray thee peace—I will be flesh and blood,
 For there was never yet philosopher,
 That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
 However they have writ the style of Gods,
 And made a pish at chance and tuffrance:

I will be flesh and blood, is excellent; similar to which is an expression in another place,—

Dispute it like a man, says one;
I shall do so—says the other;
But I must also feel it as a man.

'Tis absurd to suppose, that any arguments or considerations should divest us of feeling. The
 phi-

philosophers mistook the point in this respect ; while they were entirely unacquainted with those arguments which teach us to bear afflictions and evils with cheerfulness and submission, at the same time that they allow us to feel all the burden ; allow us to feel as men, teach us to bear as christians. Indeed there is no wonder, that the heathen casuists were deficient in their attempts to give consolation ; since they were ignorant of the two grand pillars on which rests the fabric of human hope. They were ignorant of God's moral government of the world ; they were ignorant of a future state ; and much more were they ignorant of that chief source of comfort to a christian, the love, the dying love of the Prince of sufferers, *Jesus Christ* ; of him who leads the way through sufferings to happiness, and who hath assured his followers, that if they suffer with him, with his temper and humility, they shall share of his glory.

The superlative excellence of the Christian religion is seen in these consolatory and important truths ; and surely cannot fail in this view to recommend itself to the attention and reception of all mankind. For who but wishes to secure a safe and happy harbour from the storms and tempests of this troublesome world ? on the waves of which, whatever vessel sails, must expect to find many inconveniences in the voyage. And if with much hazard, it escapes the rocks and sands, and shipwreck, yet can it not escape a variety of perils, and many dangerous blasts ? who then can fail to desire the best security ? Who can fail to seek after the best alleviation of the difficulties of life ; the best hopes of hereafter, under the ruin of every hope here ? — And certainly the christian religion alone affords these cheering hopes. It assures us, that a gracious father, infinite in power, and unerring in wisdom, as good as he is great, and as merciful as he is mighty, rules the whole world of his creatures, and with the most

particular and exact providence, guides and directs the vast system of things. It assures us, that willing to save, and desirous to bless, he frequently chastens in love, and afflicts in mercy. As a father correcteth his son, so this universal father corrects with all the affection of parental regard. And as he willeth only the felicity of his creatures, so we may always infallibly conclude, that every affliction is designed for our advantage, and if we properly use it, will tend to the increase of our future glory. Must not this single reflection cheer our souls, and encourage us, when we droop beneath the heavy hand of temporal chastisement? It comes from a father, superlative in wisdom, goodness, and power; from a God of love.

But when we view the son of this eternal God, becoming man for our sakes; — a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief! — when we view the great example, afflicted in life, and more than afflicted in death: when we behold the marvellous, and unparalleled patience, wherewith he endured the most trying of all human miseries. And when we reflect, that perfect innocence, he thus suffered without one single fault or spot, wholly for us, and for our salvation; certainly we never can look to this author and finisher of our faith, but it must animate us, under every suffering here below; nay, and enable us to bear, not only with submission, but with cheerfulness, any temporal evils; as thus we have fellowship with the son of God; and follow him by the way of the cross, up to the right hand of God, and the fulness of bliss!

This is a consideration which must make all afflictions light and easy to be borne. *They are but for a moment* — (for what is time, fourscore years to eternity?) but they work out for us a weight of glory, eternal and exceeding our utmost conceptions! Who would murmur at any sufferings here, for
such

such an unutterable reward! What heart can despond, what heart can fail to rejoice, when it hears the animated declaration, *Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.* I will give thee perfect felicity, which shall never be interrupted: I will give thee an eternity of substantial delights, adequate to thy nature, and sufficient to fill up all the desires of thy soul!

Under these consolations, we can never wonder to see the sincere christian rejoicing in tribulation; a dejected christian, desponding and complaining, is a much more surprizing sight than a christian singing praises on a rack, or full of joy and thankfulness, while every limb is consuming in the flames!

The story of *Lipsius* is a good conclusion. He was an admirer of the *Stoical* philosophy. On his death-bed, his friends told him, "they need not offer any arguments to him, whose philosophy was sufficient to support him, and teach him patience."

— "Ah, said the dying man, lifting up his eyes,
— Dear Lord Jesus Christ, give me the christian patience."

§ 2 A Poem

I like thee a vision
Lost by others call to mind
That one day it will be dark
No longer but all set behind
Blinding, I survey the chase
While the smoke we both pursue
I, as eager in my race
And as trampled fall as you
Nowward I hasten to my destined place
There none can overtake me, or stop my stride

A Poem by a gentleman who smoak'd tobacco, and took snuff.

WHILST smoke arises from my pipe,
 Thus to my self I say,
 Why should I anxious be for life,
 Which vanishes away.
 The social snuff box does convey,
 The same ideas just,
 As if it silently should say,
 Let's mingle dust to dust.
 The woods, the fields where ere I walk,
 In solemn truth declare ;
 The blushing rose upon it's stalk,
 Say there's no resting there.
 Let heav'n-born souls then look above,
 Where joys eternal spring,
 Let them adore with fervent love,
 Their maker, God and king, —
 Charmer of a lonesome hour,
 Pipe, enchanting furnace bright,
 Thou a clogg'd-brain canst scour,
 And the heavy heart make light,
 But tobacco lovely plant,
 When I see thee lost in air,
 Swift as lightning shoot afloat
 I behold life's picture fair,
 I like thee a vital spark,
 Fed by ashes, call to mind,
 That one day it must be dark,
 Nought but ashes left behind,
 Blushing, I survey the chace,
 While the smoke we both pursue,
 I, as eager in my race,
 And as nimble full as you. —
 Downward I hasten to my destin'd place ;
 There none obtain thy aid, or sing thy praise :

Soon

Soon I shall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd :
 Is mercy there ; or sweet forgiveness found ;
 O save me, yet, whilst on the brink I stand ;
 Rebuke the storm, and waft my soul to land.
 O let her rest beneath thy wings secure,
 'Thou that art the God of power.
 Save the poor wanderer from eternal night,
 'Thou that art the God of light.
 Behold the prodigal ! to thee I come,
 'To hail my father, and to seek my home.
 Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,
 Straying in vice and destitute of God.
 Oh let thy terrors, and my anguish end !
 Be thou my refuge, and be thou my friend :
 Receive the son thou didst so long reprove,
 Thou that art the God of love.

On Futurity.

DISTRUST and darkness of our future
 state
 Make poor mankind so fearful of their fate,
 Death in it self is nothing ; but we fear
 To be we know not what — we know not where:
 On ! had I courage but to meet my fate,
 That short dark passage to a future state ;
 That melancholy riddle of a breadth ;
 That something, or that nothing, after death :
 Then would I know, what now I can't relate,
 The hidden secrets of a future state.

On the Extremes of Mirth and Seriousness.

MANKIND may be divided into the merry and the serious, who both of them make a very good figure in the species, so long as they keep their respective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a fantastical levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable, while they diffuse a chearfulness thro' conversation at proper seasons, and on proper occasions; but on the contrary, a great grievance to Society, when they infect every discourse with insipid mirth, and turn into ridicule such subjects as are not suited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the Philosophers as the property of reason, the excess of it has been always consider'd as the mark of folly.

On the other side, seriousness has it's beauty while it is attended with chearfulness and humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good humour of those with whom we converse.

These two sets of men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective characters, are apt to bear a natural aversion and antipathy to one another.

What is more usual, than to hear Men of serious Tempers and austere morals, enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the species; while they look with a kind of horror upon such pomps and diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much.

It must indeed be confessed, that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a pass to his soul, for any temptation that assaults it. It favours all the approaches of vice, and weakens all
the

the resistance of virtue. For this reason a renowned statesman in Queen *Elizabeth's* days, after having retired from court, and publick business, in order to give himself up to the duties of religion, when any of his old friends used to visit him, had still these words of advice in his mouth, *Be Serious.*

Mr. Mc. Curtin in his history of the antiquity of Ireland gives the following account of crowning their Kings, &c.

WHEN a monarch or a king was to be inaugurated in *Ireland*, and proclaim'd such, a general assembly of all the princes and chief nobles of *Ireland*, was call'd at a certain place, (the monarchs in *Tarab*, and the petty Kings in a certain place in their own respective countries) and there gathering about the new King, they used to salute him with bended knees, and then submit themselves and their lands and estates to his will. Then they all sat about him, he being seated on a throne or royal seat in the midst of them; one of the chief princes came to him, took his sword from him, and delivered a long, white, unknotty wand or rod into his hand, saying, Receive Sir, the auspicious ensign of your dignity, and remember to imitate in your life and government, the whiteness, and streightness, and unknottiness of this rod; to the end that no evil tongue may find cause to asperse the candour of your actions with blackness, nor any kind of corruption, or tye of friendship, be able to pervert your justice. Take therefore upon you in a lucky hour the government of this people, and exercise the power given you hereby with all freedom and security. Afterwards the crown (a royal cap was put upon his head, which was all

made of gold and precious stones. Before *Christ*, according to the computation of many *Irish* authors, 958 was crown'd with gold, and got a great many helmets made, with the neck pieces and fore-pieces of gold, to be bestowed on the best champions according to desert. And thus the *Irish* us'd to call their monarchs and lesser kings, in the times of paganism : And since they receiv'd the christian faith, they were inaugurated and proclaim'd as other christian kings. The aforesaid ceremony of the white rod they also us'd all along to the coming of the *English*. The bishops, petty kings and princes, were electors to chuse their king or chief monarch. Their lesser kings were inaugurated and proclaim'd after the same manner in their own respective countries in *Ireland*, and had certain families in each country, who were heralds to proclaim such kings, so chosen by the majority of votes. — The *Irish* were all along from the beginning so addicted to, and had such great esteem for the knowledge of their own genealogies and histories, that in former times there have been in *Ireland* above two hundred chief annalists and historians, by place and office such, who had estates in land set apart, and assigned to them, for attending wholly that calling and the study of it. Every great lord having a sept of them peculiarly to record, and transmit to posterity what especially concern'd him, and those deriving from him, besides what concerned the nation in general ; the like they did also for their physicians, poets, and harpers, by assigning them estates in land to live independantly of others, the duty they owed to their great lord excepted. And it was always observed, that in time of war, no murders nor depredations might be committed on them ; nay, nothing at all belonging to them, either personal or real, should be touch'd by either side ; so that they might have always leisure with safety to follow and study each, his own peculiar charge,
for

for the advancement of those matters which the *Irish* so highly regarded, and when the antiquary, physician, poet, or harp-player happen'd to die, his eldest son was not to succeed him in his estate or living, but the most learned of the sept or family he was of; and by this means every one of the family should strive to learn, in expectation of enjoying the benefit of such estates; which emulation brought the kingdom to such perfection in knowledge and learning, that it was reckoned the most learned Island in all the *Western* world, as domestick and foreign authors do sufficiently prove: As for the military law of the *Milesians*, it is diversely treated of by the ancient *Irish* writers; and all do concur in the forming of their armies in the time of battle, to be very advantageous and orderly; as for the private men, and common soldiers, they marched always against their enemies with courage and resolution, each rank of four or eight deep, according to the number of men, and conveniency of place or ground; it was death without mercy for any one of them to give an inch of ground, but always go forward, if not countermanded by the commanding officers. They had a general commander over the whole army, and a leader to every party; the chief commander or commanders: and all the under officers had their several coats of arms blazon'd on their banners to distinguish them one from another; they had their antiquaries by them likewise, that he might know the deeds of each man, for to enter into the records of that sept or family to whom he belong'd, and that by seeing the acts and feats of those kings, princes, and other commanders in the battle, and knowing them in their parties severally by their banners and ensigns, he may truly write of the same, and enter it into his own records, and at the next triennial assembly to give an exact copy thereof to be enrolled in the monarchs book of royal records. *Anno*

Mundi, 3082. In the then monarchs reign it was ordain'd, that the dignity of an antiquary, physician, poet, harp-player, or entertainer, was bestowed only on those descended of noble families. No man was capable of the name or dignity of a public entertainer, but such as were lords proprietary of seven town lands, each consisting of seven plowlands of *Irish* measure; he must also have seven ploughs going almost continually, and withal be master of seven herds of cows each, consisting of one hundred and twenty full. His mansion house so seated, as to have been accessible by four several ways, a hog, a mutton, and a beef always ready, to the end that every hour, without delay, whosoever came, might be instantly fed; the like number of cattle instantly kill'd to be put to the fire, as the former was taken up. Every order and degree of men, according to their quality, had their entertainment, both meat and drink assigned by rule: So that the entertainer, if he defrauded, or misus'd any, was sure to be fin'd for the same. Of such entertaining towns, there were in the two provinces of *Munster* 1800, in *Leinster* 900; in *Ulster*, 900; and the same number in *Conaught*. And certainly for what most concerns the antient times it appears out of very good, both domestick and foreign authors of undoubted credit, that the *Irish* have always taken extraordinary care for providing entertainment for all comers; and that their hospitality in those primitive ages, was unparallel'd in all *Europe*. *Straniburst* is a witness beyond exception in this matter, where he expresses himself in his history of *Ireland*, speaking of the hospitality of the *Irish* thus, they are indeed the most auspicious men, neither can you gratify them in any thing more than to frequent their houses freely and willingly.

The Cloth and Pair of Sheers, a Fable.

A Pair of sheers both strong and keen,
 Had got a piece of cloth between,
 To work they went and cut in two
 Th' unhappy pattern, . . . of true blue.
 W——s says the piece, I'm cut in twain,
 And ne'er shall be myself again.
 When thus the opponents, . . . never fear
 The ill intent of either sheer,
 We cut you for your real good,
 'Tis for your health, we draw your blood;
 Then clipt the pattern all to shreds,
 Which wore and fritter'd into threads;
 The upper blade, with seeming wonder
 Apologiz'd, and blam'd the under;
 The undermost deny'd his major
 And laid on him the whole procedure;
 A plague ! reply'd the mangled cloth,
 I'm cut to rags between you both;
 No matter which of ye's to blame,
 For I shall never be the same.

This fable has a moral . . . and no doubt-
 You all have sense enough to find it out.

A Warning to Clergymen to be cautious of going to visit the Sick, without breaking their Fast; in a Poem to the Memory of Dr. Richard Brett, Rector of Swinnerton in Staffordshire in England, who died September 26th, 1742.

HOLD, Sirs! pray stop . . . advancing
 now more near,
 Ah! quite too plain, the solemn sound I hear,
 In doleful accents, hark! the dismal bell
 Declares, what sorrowing Swinnerton besel,
 The other day*: a day that not a few,
 For many years to come will sadly rue,
 And in their mournful memories record
 A loss, so long, so much to be deplor'd.
 And let me too, thou dear departed soul!
 For such a loss, with multitudes condole.
 Let me, with serious thought and solemn pace,
 Approach yon mournful, melancholy place,
 Which of a faithful minister, contains
 The cold, wan, lifeless, perishing remains:
 A place where once, each innocent delight,
 The well pleas'd visitant, would still invite,
 Where learning, conversation, love unfeign'd,
 And cordial friendship in perfection reign'd:
 A place, where choice amusements are no more;
 A place, how chang'd from what it was before,
 For, where the purest pleasures once were found;
 Now trickling tears, deep sighs; and bitter groans
 abound.
 Nor shall afflicted Swinnerton alone,
 Her late lov'd pastor's early death bemoan,
 Stafford,

* September 26th, 1742.

Stafford, Stone, Standon, Trentbam, Whitmore Mere.

Ecclesball, Chebsey, — places far and near, —
Church Eaton too, and *Haughton* shall conjoin
 Their lamentations for this good divine.
 But who can paint, — (in fine and to be brief,)
 Or who sum up such universal grief;
 Yet cease, my brethren, weep not for the dead;
 Tho' now from hence the sweetest soul be fled,
 With resignation let us all attend
 The sun'ral rites of our respected friend;
 His various virtues emulate, and try
 To act like him, like him to live and die.
 Let us aright commem'rate (if we can,)
 The great uncommon worth of this good man;
 His noted, filial piety proclaim,
 The fervid zeal that did his heart inflame;
 His inoffensiveness in word and deed,
 His circumspection, and the constant heed,
 This faithful, this obliging Pastor took,
 Both to himself, his friends, and numerous flock.
 Yea, so assiduous was the shephero's care,
 In this important, vastly grand affair,
 His zeal so true, so eminently large,
 The sacerdotal duty to discharge,
 That in some measure, he (it is well known,)
 To save a soul from death, his precious life laid
 down. *

The love of every one, both good and bad,
 Their dearest love, he both deserv'd, and had,
 If any think it strange, I fain would know,
 How such a friend to all should have a foe.

But

* A while before he fell ill of the violent fever,
 that unhappily prov'd fatal to him, he went one
 morning fasting, to visit a sick parishioner. Du-
 ring his stay with whom he perceiving a very noi-
 some smell, which seemed to descend, as it were,
 into his very stomach, from whence (as some think)
 he unfortunately took the infection.

But why should I such exemplary worth,
 Thus, all in vain, endeavour to set forth ;
 Praise him enough ; I never shall or can :
 So meek, so mild, so truly good a man,
 Quite free from guile, and harmless as the dove,
 All, all that knew him, could not chuse but love.
 If then we lov'd him, let us not complain,
 But from the least repining thought refrain.
 Since our great loss his great advantage proves,
 Those to rejoice it rather sure behoves.
 That such unequal'd worth have rightly known
 And selfish motives can with truth disown.
 'Tis true, of worldly benefits bereft,
 A lovely, loving neighbourhood he has left.
 He leaves his house, his gardens, and his friends,
 Yet heaven for all has doubtless made amends ;
 Each earthly comfort and convenience leaves ;
 But greater things, in lieu thereof receives.
 His habitation here was not amiss ;
 But now in mansions of eternal bliss.
 He sweetly dwells ! — his gardens so compleat,
 So well contriv'd, so elegantly neat,
 With plants and flowers, so beautifully grac'd,
 To each spectator shew'd the map of taste.
 Here, he in ambulation oft renew'd,
 The gradual growth of vegetables view'd :
 But, now, tho' regions of delight can range,
 Surpassing quite — (O ravishing exchange)
 Ev'n *Eden's* once endearing, blest abode,
 Transporting place ! — the paradise of God !
 He, ~~he~~, who here his friends knew how to prize,
 The sweet society of saints-enjoys, —
 Of souls made perfect in yon realms above,
 Of pleasing rapture full, and pure seraphic love !
 And now, — farewell ! — my much lov'd friend
 farewell !

To late posterity let some one tell,

On

On brass, or marble, what to thee we owe,
 And, in besitting terms, due praise bestow,
 But, should some abler pen the thing neglect,
 Thy sons, O *Savinnerton* ! this great defect,
 In future years, shall certainly supply,
 Ev'n children's children shall be taught to sigh,
 And numerous babes, that are as yet unborn,
 Of their lamenting parents, learn to mourn.
 These several standing monuments shall stay,
 And, pointing tow'ards the dear remains, shall say,---
 With down cast looks sha'l say, and deep regret,
 Here our lov'd Rector lies,---dear Doctor *Brett*.

---With piety and learning bless'd,
 By every virtuous mind carefs'd,
 In him each social virtue gain'd.
 To form the man, and charm the mind.
 When he celestial truth denounc'd,
 The saint like man, each word pronounc'd,
 And preaching like another *Paul*,
 His audience with attention all,
 Were fill'd with reverential awe,
 While he enforc'd heaven's sacred law,
 'The sinner melted into tears,
 Mercy invoc'd with ardent prayers,
 Saw vice in such detested light,
 Became repentant and contrite,
 But heaven from his low state of clay,
 Now calls him to the realms of day,
 There to reward his pious care,
 And bliss among the bless'd to share,
 Where he beholds that radiant light,
 Beaming from beatific light ;
 Ravish'd with joys he oft display'd,
 " Peace ever to his gentle shade.---"
 Blest is the man, ah ! doubly blest,
 Whose soul the wicked deeds detest ;

Nor joins with *Belial's* throng ;
 Applauding their deceitful ways ;
 Nor deigns to smile, among the blaze
 Of grandeur, mirth, and song.
 But from the sacred rites of heaven
 (By no vain superstition driven)

Alone receives delight ;
 Who turns with rapture ev'ry page
 Of wonders wrought from age to age,
 To charm his mental sight.

He shall be like a blooming tree,
 From every imperfection free,
 Shading some vocal stream ;

Whose nect'rous fruit, in season glows
 With heavenly tinctures bright, and throws
 All around a shining gleam.

His leaf in verdure shall remain,
 When other trees around the plain
 Shall wither and decay,

On all his actions heaven will smile,
 Increase his store, reward his toil,
 And bless each painful day.

Not so the wicked, God will bless,
 Their labour shall augment distress,
 And sighs incessant form ;

They shall be like the chaff that's driven,
 Beneath the ample arch of heaven,
 By each tempestuous storm.

And when the last tremendous day,
 In blackest horrors dread array,
 Shall wrap this globe in fire ;

They shall be hurl'd from scenes of light,
 To horrid realms of blackest night,
 Too wretched to expire.

While God (whose bounties still excel
 The wish of those who serv'd him well)

Shall

Shall glorious crowns prepare,
 Eternal as his sacred throne,
 For righteous men and those alone
 Shall of his favours share.

Gratitude.

MY friend my Saviour, and my God,
 O how shall I declare
 The ardors of my glowing heart !
 But they to thee appear.
 In wonder lost ten thousand themes
 Demand my grateful song ;
 Most, that thy mercies tho' provok'd,
 My worthless life prolong.
 In youth, what raptures fill'd my soul !
 Before I well could know
 The glorious source from whence such bliss
 Did in full torrents flow,
 When learning had enlarg'd my mind,
 And open'd a new field,
 The contemplation of thy works
 Did other pleasures yield.
 But vice soon threat'ned to destroy
 My too-presumptuous soul ;
 As soon thy kindness bitter mix'd
 In the luxurious bowl.
 My soul was then to pain expos'd,
 And days in sorrow drown'd ;
 But when the most oppress'd, in thee
 I always comfort found.
 My friends prov'd false, my friends ! ev'n they
 Who should have most been kind ;
 But in the terrors of that gloom
 Thy mercy doubly shin'd.

Thy

Thy goodness rais'd me other friends,
 And a new breaking day
 Did with warm joy my heart dilate,
 And brighter scenes display :
 So o'er the foaming, working seas
 The lab'ring vessel flies,
 While waves on waves in tumults break,
 And wash the azure skies.
 Tho' loud the storm, thy potent voice
 No sooner awes the main,
 The thunder of the tempest falls,
 And all grows calm again.
 No longer the fierce winds conspir'd
 O'er the wide ocean sweep ;
 But soft and gentle gales arise,
 And charm the silver'd deep.
 Instead of fabled muses, fire
 My breast to hymn thy name :
 O pardon what is past ! thy love
 Is glory, health, and fame.
 Thou beauty's source ! O grant this wish !
 May I enjoy thy sight !
 Dissolve in rapturous praise, and melt
 In beatific light.

Thankful returns for kindnesses and favours received, are but the just expressions and fruits of ingenuity and good nature ; no man that is not quite degenerated into stupidity, but hath some sense of duty in such cases : Man should endeavour to excel in gratitude, as being sensible of great gifts : And in some measure able to return them ; and the deeper the divine image is impress'd upon any one, the more excellent he is in this quality.

Gratitude and true generosity ; are certain signs of a good christian, and no character can be complete without them, they argue every humane sentiment, and are an abstract of all virtues.

Extract

*Extract of a Letter on conduct in civil
Life, respecting that important Affair,
choice of Company; written for the Use
of a young Gentleman.*

HERE I must call upon you to use the utmost caution, as a part of life, on which your future happiness greatly depends. I am persuaded, that a man may better know either himself or another, by an exact remark of the company he approves and likes, than by any one circumstance besides. I lay it down then as a law, guarded by no less a sanction than a man's reputation and happiness, that he never make a vicious man his associate. Nor would I make a friendship with one, whose turn was to gaiety and sensual life: But as near as possible, establish a conversation with men of good sense and sobriety; which will always be innocent, and generally instructive. Nor is your youth any disadvantage to you, for good men are ever pleased in forming the tender mind, where they see a regard for virtue, a love to goodness, and a desire to be informed, attended with a cheerful compliance with their kind advice; which indeed, is only pursuing your own happiness. As to your behaviour in the social parts of life, accept the following rules: When in company with your superiors, be always more ready to hear, than speak, or with modesty propose such questions, as shew you desire to be instructed, and not to wrangle or dispute. And I advise you, when conversing with your equals, to guard all your expressions, and let them be the result of sober thought and reflection; for you will not only by such a conduct, attain the habits of wisdom and prudence; but I assure you, will gain a superiority over those
you

you converse with ; who, tho' they will not be at the pains of forming their own minds, yet can easily see where others have, and will always attend to them with pleasure, and shew them a regard, which the sprightly and gay part of the world know nothing of. And if at any time you have indulg'd your self in an easy and free conversation, always review it the next morning : That whatever faults you have committed, you may mend them the next time : And never once allow yourself the liberty of what is called taking the bottle freely. I do not mean by this, you should never drink a glass of wine ; no, entertain your friend with cheerfulness ; cheerfulness and innocence should be inseperable. I have met with a saying, the first glass for myself, the second for my friend, the third for my enemy. The application is easy. Yet before I have done with strong liquors, I must tell you, they are a treacherous evil, which insensibly grow upon thoughtless persons ; and a constant use of them, tho' not so as apparently to intoxicate, yet destroys all that calm and deliberate consideration, that mild behaviour, and steady prudence, which is absolutely necessary to constitute a worthy and rational being ; for as a learned man wisely remarks, they do not only produce the most terrible train of distempers which afflict the human make ; but by mixing with the animal spirits, disturb the mind ; and by volatilizing it too much, fill it with vain and frivolous fancies, instead of things that are solid ; and so make us jesters and merry fellows, instead of wise men, the difference between which is as much, as between the substance and the shadow.

Ye men of conduct, gay or sage,
Consult with care the historic page ;
Tread back the labyrinth of time
From helpless infancy to prime ;

This

This retrospect shall be your guard,
 Your watchful genius and reward.
 As goodly fums from shillings rise,
 So time, made up of moments flies,
 Flies, transient, and is known no more,
 As spendthrifts waste the miser's store.
 Can time so light in reason's scale,
 Which passes with the fleeting gale,
 Lie heavy on thee, son of man ;
 Which e'en the proverb deems a span.
 Enjoy it then—the lovely bride
 Caress'd with ardor, courts your side ;
 Neglected, like a jealous wife,
 She proves the plague of all your life.
 This moment's only in your power,
 She brings you as her richest dower,
 The past, the coming can you claim ;
 No—they're the shadow of a name.
 The past are melted with the snow,
 The future wait their ebb and flow.
 Ev'n in the womb of time, they strive
 Contending to be first alive :
 Existing, like the * flies of May,
 They die by thousands in a day.
 The application of a minute,
 Is all the golden value in it,
 And he who would be great and wise,
 Must all his precious minutes prize ;
 Must sloth abandon, fraud and strife,
 And every moment mend his life.

The

* The *Ephemeron* or *May-fly*, according to naturalists, begins and ends its existence in a day.

The fatal Consequences of Luxury.

TH E R E is no greater calamity can befall any people or state, than when luxury is introduced among them, especially where it becomes general, and is carried on to so great a length, that every individual is under some necessity of living beyond his fortune, or incurring the censure of being avaricious. A man once engag'd in this extravagant course of living, seldom is able to extricate himself in time, but is hurried on to the brink of ruin, reduces a helpless family to want and misery, and must at length sink under a weight of misfortunes ; or thro' necessity be drove to attempt what may sacrifice his honour, country, and conscience, and every other consideration to a present relief, which may, which must at last end in his fatal destruction. However amiable virtue and integrity may appear in our eyes, human nature will find it difficult to withstand the threatening misery of immediate want ; a prison staring a man in the face, continual duns at his door, or want of his accustomed pleasures will drive him to extremities, which nothing but necessity could occasion ; he is no more master of himself, but like a drowning man catches at every thing, even his dearest friend, tho' he should perish with him. To what extremities will not this melancholy situation lead a man ; to poverty, shame, villainy, dependancy, and disgrace, and at length to sell one's country to support an idle extravagancy. Let a man's estate be what it will, if he lives beyond it, this will be the case sooner or later ; and if ever a superior power should fall into such necessitous hands, the very thing which should make us happy, the abundance of publick treasure, may, if artfully manag'd by a designing

designing administration, prove the entire destruction of the constitution —

Of true Glory and Liberty.

IN pomp and grandeur can thy languid mind,
 One moment's ease, or satisfaction find ;
 Can mines of gold retard thy fleeting breath ;
 Can sceptres sooth the iron hand of death.
 Delights it ought in riot's giddy scene,
 To turn thy eyes and view what thou hast been !
 The charms of wealth and luxury how vain !
 All, all, my friend, are phantoms of the brain,
 Not so the joys, which from true glory flow,
 Such joys as heaven's chief favourites only know,
 The abject coward and lascivious gay,
 At honour's spotless shrine no tribute pay,
 Her vot'ries are the valiant and the wise,
 Who pinion not their thoughts beneath the skies.
 By them, thro' toils and dangers she is sought,
 Who think her pleasures can't be dearly bought ;
 Who scorn for her, what wealth and pomp can
 give,

And rather chuse to die for her than live.
 'Twas brave ambition fir'd the chiefs of old,
 Who shun'd soft cash, and spurn'd the charms of gold.
 They left for glory all the world beside,
 In search of that they liv'd, they bled, they dy'd.
 The search how wise ; how ample was the gain ;
 Eternal honours for a little pain !
 In every age bright glory's potent charms,
 Directs the patriot's head, and hero's arms.
 While prudence guides and valour deals each blow,
 They 'whelm in ruin the presumptuous foe,
 Of chiefs and patriots still a matchless train,
 Shine forth to grace great *George's* happy reign. —
 To praise when merit claims, avow'd applause,
 Is a just tribute to a virtuous cause ; It's

It's holding out a light to public view,
 To shew the path that others should pursue :
 Wakes emulation in the gen'rous mind,
 And is an act of justice to mankind. —

There is not a more genuine mark of true courage and great abilities, than a modest and humble deportment. The true hero scorns to publish his own praises, and rejoices less in receiving the tribute of applause, than in the consciousness of having deserved it. —

How fond are men of rule and place,
 Who court it from the mean and base ;
 These cannot bear an equal righ,
 But from superior merit fly ;
 They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
 And lose their hours in ale and smoke ;
 There o'er some petty club preside,
 So poor, so paltry is their pride !
 Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,
 In hopes to be supream in wit.

C — B — to W — S —
Of the Pride and Luxury of the Middling Class of People.

OF all the follies and absurdities which this great metropolis labours under, there is not one, I believe, at present, appears in a more glaring and ridiculous light than the pride and luxury of the middling clats of people ; their eager desire of being seen in a sphere far above their capacities and circumstances, is daily, nay hourly, instanced by the prodigious numbers of mechanics who flock to the races, and gaming-tables, brothels,

thels, and all public diversions this fashionable town affords.

You shall see a grocer sneak from behind the counter, clap on a bag, laced waistcoat and hat, fly to the gaming-table, throw away fifty pieces with some sharpening men of quality, while his industrious wife is selling a pennyworth of sugar to support her fashionable spouse in his extravagances.

I was led into this reflection by an odd adventure which happened to me at the last *Curragh*-races, where I went, not through any desire, I do assure you, of laying bets, or winning thousands, but at the earnest request of a friend who had long indulged the curiosity of seeing the sport, very natural for an *Irishman*. When we had arrived at the course, and had taken several turns to observe the different objects that made up this whimsical groupe, a figure suddenly darted by us, mounted and dressed in all the elegance of those polite gentry who come to show you they have a little money, and rather than pay their just debts at home, generously come abroad to bestow it on gamblers and pickpockets. As I had not an opportunity of viewing his face till his return, I gently walked after him, and met him as he came back, when, to my no small surprise, I beheld, in this gay *Narcissus*, the visage of *Jack Varnish*, an humble vender of prints. Disgusted at the sight, I pulled my friend by the sleeve, pressed him to return home, telling him, all the way, that I was so enraged at the fellow's impudence, I was resolved never to lay out another penny with him.

Mr. *Varnish* may understand he mistakes the thing quite, if he imagines horse-racing commendable in a tradesman; and that he who is revelling every night in the arms of a common strumpet (though blessed with an indulgent wife) when he ought to be minding his business, will never thrive

in this world. He will find himself soon mistaken his finances decrease, his friends shun him, customers fall off, and himself thrown into a Goal. I would earnestly recommend this adage to every mechanic in *Dublin*, "Keep your shop and your shop will keep you." A strict observance of these words will, I am sure, in time, gain them estates. Industry is the road to wealth, and honesty to happiness; and he who strenuously endeavours to pursue them both, may never fear the critic's lash, or the sharp cries of penury and want.

Adversity.

NO more lov'd partner of my soul,
 At disappointments grieve,
 Can flowing tears our fate controul,
 Or sighs our woes relieve.
 Adversity is virtues school,
 To those who right discern,
 Let us observe each painful rule,
 And each hard lesson learn.
 When wintry clouds obscure the sky,
 And heaven and earth deform,
 If fixt the strong foundation lie,
 The castle braves the storm.
 Thus fixt on faiths unfailing rock,
 Let us endure a while,
 Misfortunes rude impetuous shock,
 And glory in our toil.
 Ill fortune cannot always last,
 Or tho' it should remain,
 Yet we each painful moment haste,
 A better world to gain.

Where

Where calumny no more shall wound,
 Nor faithless friends destroy,
 Where innocence and truth are crown'd,
 With never fading joy :—
 Shall ignorance of good and ill
 Dare to direct th' eternal will ;
 Seek virtue ; and of that possess,
 To providence resign the rest. —

Contentment is the precious jewel of human life ; and the way to attain it is the surmounting of difficulties ; curbing vicious inclinations and passions ; in overcoming temptations and bearing injuries.

One week's extremity may teach us more,
 Than long prosperity had done before :
 Death is forgotten in our easy state,
 But troubles mind us of our final fate :
 The doing ill, affects us not with fears,
 But suffering ill, brings sorrow, woe, and tears. —

Who is he among the children of the earth, that repines at the power of the wicked ; and who is he, that would change the lot of the righteous. He who has appointed to each his portion, is God the omniscient and the Almighty who fills eternity, and whose existence is from himself ! but he who murmurs, is man, who yesterday was not, and to-morrow shall be forgotten : Let him listen in silence to the voice of knowledge, and hide the blushes of confusion in the dust. — Human nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy ; nor so happy as that we should be always merry. A man should not live as if there was no God in the world, nor, at the same time, as if there were no men in it. The cheerful sons of mirth fancy that happiness is seated on the pleasant summit of true wit ; while the serious

and recluse seek it only in the depth of gloom. Now there is nothing more talk'd of, and less understood, than the business of a happy life: Every one is panting after something that in his estimation, is true happiness; but like men in the dark, we stumble over the very thing we are in search of. This great mistake occasioned the following lines.

O happiness: our being's end and aim!
 Good pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy
 name;
 That something which still prompts the eternal
 sigh:
 For which we bear to live, nor fear to die;
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies:
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
 Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
 Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow;
 Fair op'ning to some courts propitious shrine;
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine;
 Twin'd, with the wreaths *Parnassian* laurels yield;
 Or reap'd in fruitful harvests of the field.—
 The happiest man that ever breath'd on earth,
 With all the glories of estate and birth,
 Had yet some anxious cares to make him know
 No grandeur was above the reach of wo.
 To be from all things that disquiet free,
 Is not consistent with humanity,
 Youth wit and beauty, are such charming things.
 O'er which if affluence spreads her gaudy wings,
 We think the person, who enjoys so much,
 No care can move, and no affliction touch.
 Yet could we but some secret method find
 To view the dark recesses of the mind,
 We there might see the hidden seeds of strife,
 And woes in embryo rip'ning into life;
 How some fierce lust, or boisterous passion, fills
 The labouring spirit with prolific ills.

Pride

Pride, envy or revenge, distract his soul,
 And all right-reason's God-like powers controul.
 But if she must not be allowed to sway ;
 Tho' all without appears serene and gay.
 A canck'rous venom on the vitals preys,
 And poisons all the comforts of his days.
 External pomp, and visible success,
 Sometimes contribute to our happiness ;
 But that which makes it genuine refin'd,
 Is a good conscience, and a soul resign'd :
 'Then to whatever end afflictions sent,
 To try our virtues, or for punishment,
 We bear it calmly, tho' a pond'rous woe,
 And still adore the hand that gives the blow.
 For in misfortunes this advantage lies,
 They make us humble, and they make us wise.
 And he that can acquire such virtues, gains
 An ample recompence for all his pains.
 Too soft caresses of a prosperous state
 The pious fervours of the soul abate ;
 Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,
 And gloomy vapours round the spirits raise :
 Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dosing lie,
 And find our ruin in security ;
 Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,
 And breaks the enchantment by a timely grief.
 But as we are allow'd, to cheer our sight,
 In blackest days, some glimmerings of light ;
 So in the most dejected hours we may,
 The secret pleasure have, to weep and pray.
 And those requests, the speediest passage find
 To heaven, which flow from an afflicted mind :
 And while to him we open our distress,
 Our pains grow lighter, and our sorrows less.
 The finest musick of the grove, we owe
 To mourning *Philomel's* harmonious woe ;
 And while her grief's in charming notes express'd,
 A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast :

In warbling melody she spends the night,
 And moves at once compassion and delight.
 No choice had e'er so happy an event,
 But he that made it did that choice repent.
 So weak's our judgment, and so short's our fight,
 We cannot level our own wishes right :
 And if sometimes we make a wise advance,
 T' our selves we little owe, but much to chance.
 So that when providence for secret ends,
 Corroding cares or sharp affliction sends,
 We must conclude it best it should be so,
 And not desponding or impatient grow.
 For he that will his confidence remove,
 From boundless wisdom and eternal love,
 To place it on himself, or human aid,
 Will meet those woes he labours to evade.
 But in the keenest agonies of grief,
 Content's a cordial that still gives relief.
 Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
 But most chastises them whom most he likes ;
 And if with humble spirits they complain,
 Relieves the anguish, or rewards the pain.
 None live in this tumultuous state of things,
 Where every morning some new trouble brings ;
 But bold inquietudes will break his rest,
 And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious breast.
 Angelic forms and happy spirits are
 Above the malice of perplexing care :
 But that's a blessing too sublime, too high
 For those that bend beneath mortality.
 If in the body there is but one part
 Subject to pain, and sensible of smart,
 And but one passion could torment the mind,
 That part that passion busy fate would find ;
 But since infirmities in both abound,
 Since sorrow both so many ways can wound,
 'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve
 Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.—

Can you, oh man ! (the gift you don't possess)
 Direct me to that phantom, happiness ;
 Shew me my guardian angel, say my muse,
 Where comforts met, or what retreat I'll chuse ;
 Point out the forest, grove, or dreary wilds,
 Where monsters den, or the hoarse raven builds ;
 Or, if you will permit a kinder wish,
 Direct me where the linnet and the trosh,
 Vie with their species ; hush the *Philomel*,
 And call on eccho from the neighbouring vale,
 Where zephyrs smoothly whisper, in a breeze,
 All nature's blessings, thro' the verdant trees ;
 Beneath the chequer'd hedge, at noon-tides heat,
 With primrose pillow, on a violet seat,
 Enjoy the murmurs of a neighbouring stream,
 Till slumbering I possess it all in dream ;
 Awake in raptures, and again enjoy
 That peace which dreaming often doth destroy.
 Not these, my muse, I only would possess,
 But a far more transcendent happiness :
 A calm retreat, where all united are
 In the embraces of a virtuous fair,
 Who sooths and struggles with the cares of life,
 And renders soft that dreadful name, a wife.
 Such grant me, heaven, to thy choice I leave,
 Or that, or these, a Coffin and a grave.
 If that you give, my sentiments and voice,
 Go hand in hand, and this should be my Choice.

Remarkable instances of sudden Death.

WH O will not stand upon his guard against the efforts of death, that threaten us every hour, who has appointed no time when he intends to meet us, he creeps, flies, leaps upon us, with a swift motion, a stealing peace, frequently without any signs before hand, so that there is nothing safe from his clutches. No man knows the time of his

death, any more than the manner of it, or means by which it shall be brought about. Our breath is in God's hands, *Dan.* 5th, 23. no man hath a lease of his earthly tabernacle, but is tenant at will to his great landlord ; who knows when he shall die, or how ; whether a natural death, or a violent one ; to how many thousand unforeseen accidents are men subject ; not only swords and axes may dispatch them, but God can commission insects, and vermin to be the executioners of his justice upon them, and who doth not carry the principles of his own dissolution perpetually with him ; death lies in ambush in every vein, in every member, and none know when it may assault them. It doth not always warn before it strikes, if some diseases are tedious, others are acute and less lingering, and some are as quick as lightning, kill in an instant. Men may be well in one minute, and dead in the next. God shoots his arrows at them, they are suddenly wounded, *Psalms* lxiv. 7. How many are taken away not only in the midst of their days, but in the midst of their sins ; the lustling *Israelites* with the flesh between their teeth, *Numbers* 11. 33. *Julian*, with blasphemy in his mouth ; and how many frequently with the wine in their heads ; in such cases what place, what time for repentance, for seeking it, for using means to attain it, when they have not room for so much as a thought of it. Hearty and merry was *Tarquin*, when he was choaked with a fish-bone, healthy also was *Fabius*, when a little hair that he swallowed with his milk, cut the thread of his life. A Weezel bit *Aristides*, and he immediately expired. The father of *Cæsar*, rose well out of his bed, and while he was putting on his shoes he breathed his last. The *Rhodian* ambassador had pleaded his cause in the senate even to admiration, but expired going over the threshold of the court-house. A grape-stone killed *Anacreon* the poet, and *Lucian* writes, *Sophocles* also, *Lucia* the daughter of

of *Marcus Aurelius*, died with a little prick of a needle. The breath of many is in haste, and unexpected joy expels it. As we find it happened to *Chilo* the *Lacedemonian*, and *Diagores* of *Rhodes*, who embracing their sons who had been victors at the olympick games, at the same time, and in the same place presently expired. *Mephibosheth* the son of *Saul*, was slain by domestick thieves as he was sleeping at noon upon his bed. *Tulco* King of *Jerusalem*, as he was hunting a hare, fell from his horse, and was trampled to death by his hoof, and so gave up the ghost. *Josias*, of all the kings of *Judah*, (*David* excepted) for piety and liberality the chief; was unexpectedly wounded with an arrow, and died in his camp. The holy *Ludovicus* in the fifty seventh year of his age, upon the African shore, in the midst of his army, the pestilence there raging, died of the distemper. *Egillus* king of the *Goths*, a most excellent prince, was killed by a mad bull. *Malcolm* the first king of *Scotland*, after many examples of justice, while he was taking cognizance of the actions of his subjects, by night was on a sudden suffocated. Have not many gone well to bed, that have been found dead in the morning. Of necessity the soul ought to stand upon it's guard. *Charles* the VIII. king of *France* having concluded a marriage between his daughter *Magdalene* and *Ladislaus*, king of *Bohemia*, while the bride with great pomp was conveyed towards her intended husband, he was taken suddenly with sickness and died. In the year 1559. *Henry* the second, king of *France*, was slain in the midst of his pastimes and triumphs, and in publick joy of the people. For while he celebrated the nuptials of his daughter at *Paris*, in a tilting, the splinter of a broken lance, flew with such violence, and pierced his eye, that he died immediately. In the year 1491. *Alphonfus* the son of *John* the second, king of *Portugal*, being about sixteen years

of age, a prince of great hopes and wit, took to wife *Isabella* the daughter of *Ferdinand* king of *Spain*, whose dowry was the ample inheritance of her fathers kingdoms. The nuptials were celebrated with great preparations; plays, running, racing, tilting, banquets. So much plenty, so much luxury, that the horse-boys and slaves glistened with tissue. But O immense grief! hardly the seventh month had passed, when the young prince, sporting a horse-back, was thrown from his horse to the ground, so that his skull was broken, and he wounded to death. He was carried to a fisher's house, scarce big enough to contain him and two of his followers; there he lay upon a bed of straw, and expired. The king flies thither, with the queen his mother, there they behold the miserable spectacle: their pomp turn'd into lamentation; the growing youth of their son, his virtues, wealth, like flowers on a sudden disrob'd by the north-winds blast, and all to be buried in a miserable grave. O the sudden whirl-winds of human affairs! O most precipitate fall of the most constant things. But this sudden fate is common, as well to the good as to the bad; neither does it argue an unhappy condition of the soul, unless any person in the act of burning impiety, feel himself struck with the dart of divine vengeance. Such was the exit of *Dathan* and *Abiram*, whom the gaping earth miserably swallowed up, obstinate in their rebellion against *Moses*. Such was the end of those soldiers, whom for their irreverence to *Elijah*, heaven consumed with balls of fire, &c. So many pores of the body, so many little doors for death. Death does not shew himself always near, yet is he always at hand. What is more stupid than to wonder that should fall out at any time, which may happen every day. Our limits are determined where the inexorable necessity of fate has fix'd them. But none of us knows how near they are prefixed. So therefore let us form our minds, as if we were

at

at the utmost extremity. A sudden death is not always a judgment unto those who are taken out of an evil world : It may be a mercy to them, and a warning to others. Many of whom the world was not worthy, have been so removed out of it. — The following affair happened at *Hinckley* in *Warwickshire*. One *Wright* a brick-maker in that town, with a young fellow his servant, being employed to sink a well there, had proceeded to the depth of about seven yards, at which time *Wright* himself only being in (with a rope fixed to him in the usual manner) and wanting more help, ordered his servant to come down also ; who thinking it too dangerous, at first refused it ; but the master persisting in his command, the young fellow at length complied, just as he had reach'd the bottom, the earth fell in upon them and smothered *Wright* ; the young fellow was only covered up to his arms ; assistance being at hand, proposed to fix a rope to him, and wind him up by the windlass, but this he rejected, telling them he stuck so fast, that an attempt of that kind would pull him limb from limb, and begged them to endeavour to give him some relief by digging the earth away with spades ; when at that instant another fall of earth happened, which put an end to his life, *November 24, 1759.*

*Of the sudden death of Mr. J——G——
as it was related to me by Mr. J——
Y——who went to visit him, in 1752.*

MR. Y—— going to his house ask'd his servant-maid how he was, he being in the next room heard him, and said is that *Jack*, desiring him to walk in, and when he was entred he ask'd him if he would give him a quart ; to which Mr. Y—— answered he had no money, (not having an inclination to drink) or that his friend should drink, to which the other said, you lye, and that he would spend a penny with

with him, and that there was a penny on one of the chairs, the servant-maid was call'd to go for a quart of ale, when she came in and getting her message, said, indeed Sir, it will not be good for you, at which he was angry, and swearing an oath said you B——h sure I don't drink so much; she went for the ale, in which time he took a chink, and throwing up some blood in his hand said, I think here is blood, he took another chink, in which time the maid brought in the quart of ale, in the second chink he threw up so much blood, that he immediately expired, and that very ale that was brought in for him to drink part of, was drank by the woman that wash'd and stretch'd him.

He was remark'd to be a taker of drams.

—— Our life is a warfare, and this world a place of miseries, wherein the greatest garlands are allotted to them who sustain the greatest labours; for by the smart of our stripes is augmented the glory of our reward.

*December 30, 1760. A Gentleman to his
Friend on material particulars.*

THE close of the Old, and commencement of the New year, are generally considered as times of joy and festivity, and that season in which most ranks of people unbend their minds from the severe attention to their several employments and professions, by mutually enjoying social happiness; and this, when conducted with decorum, and under the restrictions becoming our reasonable character, is a manly and truly-rational pleasure, and is so woven with our very make and
con-

constitution, that it may not be improper to oppose it to the many contrary principles of selfishness and rancour, which are but too predominant in many of our species. And more particularly amiable and praise-worthy is such a conduct, when joy and comfort are diffused by persons in affluence and abundance, to the deserving poor and necessitous.

And here, I think, I may be allowed to indulge my self in a pleasing reflection, which every Irishman may make, on the natural disposition of his countrymen to his hospitable conduct; and I cannot be accused of partiality, in asserting, that the natural genius of the Irish nation is as much inclined to relish social happiness, and diffuse it to the lower class, by benevolence and hospitality, as it is averse to the contrary vices of selfishness and ill-nature.

But though this season is generally allotted to the gayer scenes, the graver topics should sometimes accompany them. The subject of mortality cannot fail, at certain periods, to enter into the mouths of the most sprightly and thoughtless, though it may escape their hearts; and the many companies they have been probably accustomed, through a long, uninterrupted course of years, to assemble with, on this returning season, now broken and diminished by the all-conquering hand of death, can't escape the notice of the parties immediately concerned. How many of the beauteous forms, that used to be the admiration of all, and perhaps the envy of not a few, now become loathsome to every sense! The man of wit is silent! The genius, who soared to the utmost bounds of Nature, is now confined to the darksome grave, and covered with the cold earth! and he who scattered blessings on all around him, is become as loathsome a spectacle as the most useless or hurtful of his species! and it is far from an unreasonable reflection to consider what may be the issue of the present year.

We

We cannot suppose that the dart of death is at all blunted by the many bosoms it has pierced, and we know we are composed of the same penetrable materials with our fellow-mortals, and are alike liable with them, both to death and the many dreadful evils that await the living.

With these and such reflections, I last night sunk to sleep, when Fancy, who is ever on the wing, supplied me with the following vision. Methought I was traversing an opulent city; on all sides mirth and gaiety seemed to reign. I soon caught the general joy, and wandered with pleasure and delight, from one circle to another; and being desirous to know the cause of all that apparent satisfaction, was informed, that it was the commencement, of a new year, which it was customary to usher it with such-like demonstrations of joy.

Having for some time sauntered in this pleasing crowd, I at length arrived at a solitary walk, where every one I met carried in his appearance something reverend and commanding respect. I had not gone far, before I was accosted by a venerable personage. "My son, says he. you seem by your countenance, as though gladness filled your breast, and I am at no loss to guess the cause," I replied, "Venerable father, you are not deceived; and indeed, I should be guilty of a very unfriendly disposition to behold the mirth and cheerfulness of my fellow-creatures without partaking of their happiness." He rejoined, "Your reasoning is just; nor would I attempt to deprive you of your present satisfaction. My name is experience, and this walk is contemplation. If you will resign yourself to my guidance, I will teach you properly to weigh terrestrial happiness." I readily accepted his offer, allured by the knowing abilities of my Guide, and was conducted by him to the spot I had just left: but there I beheld the scene very much changed.

I now

I now perceived, scattered among the chearful and gay, many melancholy and dejected persons, on whose faces meagre want, keen remorse, and the most lively sorrow, were strongly painted. I was struck with these spectacles of grief, and turning to my guide, said, "I had much rather have continued in my error, if it is one, than to be convinced of a truth, which I am afraid, will yield me very little satisfaction." The sage smiling, said, "it is the common folly of your age to chuse the pleasant, though it be the wrong way; but it is the part of wisdom and experience to inform you, that truth is worth the purchase, though it seems unpleasant. Know then continues he, that the present scene is not designed to hurt but benefit you; attend and be wise."

"Behold, scattered up and down among the busy multitudes, many of the very people who before appeared so gay and pleasant: the year, which they ushered in with all demonstrations of joy is not yet concluded; notwithstanding, behold yonder man, who at the commencement thereof, was opulent and wealthy; see him pale and thoughtful, and carrying all the appearance of the deepest distress; that wealth, which before created his chearfulness; now occasions his pain, by the loss of it; his fortune was then great, and he unwary; he ventured his all upon a die, which deceived him, and made him the miserable wretch he now appears. Observe another equally unhappy, whose vice was still more unpardonable, because to place confidence in gold is idolatry; a person of this cast is a mere canker-worm in society; who unmoved, can behold the tears of poverty and want. Mark his fate! shipwreck despoils him of his treasure; and the wealth, he had been years in accumulating, sunk in a storm. View him a miserable wanderer; a stranger to internal peace, as justice had

had no part in his dealings, wherefore he pines unpitied, and sighs without redress."

"On the other hand is a female mourner, seeking some solitude to breathe out her troubles in: the beginning of the year made her a happy bride; the conclusion, a disconsolate widow. But continues my instructor, I should rend your heart with pity, were I to point out all that variety of distress which Death produces in the world; the unavailing cries of helpless orphans, the melting griefs of tender widows, the groans of parents, and the sighs of friends; and tho' these are great and heavy, and sufficient to move every tender sentiment in Nature, yet they are not all the inlets to unhappiness; an instance of which is yonder madman, who lately was risen to the utmost height of joy by a sudden, unexpected affluence of fortune; the weak powers of reason could not support the strong impression it made upon him, and he is now an object of pity and horror to all that behold him. See, on the other hand, that person walking pensive and alone; on every feature the strongest lineaments of despair are painted." "Alas! cried I, that very man I saw, a while ago, one of the most gay and joyous creatures in the whole company." "Ah, replies my monitor, to that height of mirth and gaiety he owes his present misery. He then lived in riot and profusion; has now consumed his fortune, and this moment is agitated with the most distressing doubts, whether he should employ his pistol to extort his neighbour's property, or to finish his miserable life." "Alas! cried I, I can bear no more, if these are the prospects you entertain me with, let me look only on the joyous throng and conceal those miserable objects from my view." "Mistaken youth! replied my guide; are you not yet made sensible of your error! Learn from this picture of human life to consider it as a chequered state; let not the ideas you form of future
prof-

prosperity and success, at your entrance on life, be too sanguine or elevated ; learn to enjoy the present, without any anxious disquietude about the future : and take care that you do not bring yourself into the number of the wretched, by your own folly and imprudence ; and when adversity lays her iron hand upon you, learn to bear it with a calm, composure and serenity of mind ; enjoy the pleasures of social life, and friendly intercourse with the deserving and experienced ; learn to compassionate and pity the distressed and afflicted, and endeavour to extract all the advantage you can both from the joyous and grievous occurrences of life." Having thus spoke, the form vanished, the prospect was no more, and I found myself encircled in the shades of night.

Yours, &c.

On Death.

DEATH thou leveller of all mankind ; what art thou ? Why do we call thee our foe, and why is thy form painted to us so frightful ? Come near ; I would hold conference with thee ; I must be better acquainted with thee : Thou dost not appear to me so dreadful ; come nearer still ; the closer I view thee, the better I like thee : Surely thou hast been greatly misrepresented ; and mankind have been much mistaken in thee : In what art thou our foe ; and of what good dost thou bereave us ? Let us (the children of care, and bubbles of vanity) throw aside our unjust prejudices, and for once judge with candour and impartiality. Should we call thee foe, O Death, for putting an end to this life, in which no mortal ever yet was happy ? born, as we are into this world for trouble, as sure

as

as to breathe the air, or see the light of it ; can we call thee foe, for delivering us out of it ? What is this life, which thou deprivest us of, but a restless melancholy dream ; a dream full of cares, inquietudes, pains, follies, and disappointments : And can we call thee foe, for putting an end to such a distempered dream ?

We miserable mortals come crying into the world, and go weeping out of it, and from the cradle to the coffin are always bewailing some want ; pining after something unpossessed, labouring under some pain, lamenting some loss, or mourning for some misfortune ; and can we call thee O Death, our enemy, for finishing a life like this ? A life in which there is no possibility of obtaining any permanent happiness, would not be bearable without the door of hope, which thou, O Death, kindly openest to us ? The life of man is at most but a shadow ; and he can hardly be said, with truth to exist at all : For during his short continuance here, is not his body, as well as mind, perpetually changing ! And since he cannot be truly said to be the same creature for a single hour, how can he be said to exist at all. Does not every day produce, though imperceptibly, some difference in him ; and does not age, like the shadow on the dial, creep upon him ? And as he is never the same creature, but continually changing, so his notions of happiness change also with him, and that, which he yesterday embraced with joy and pleasure, shall to-day give him grief and pain ; and thus, man (the son of care and sorrow) eagerly pursues after that happiness, he can never hold ; for as soon as he comes near enough to blow open the delusion it bursts ; and thus he continues his pursuit from one phantom to another, till time, by whitening his hairs, furrowing his face, and stealing his teeth away, gives him warning that thou, O Death, his best friend, art approaching.

proaching near to put an end to such restless delusion, and all his cares, pains, and perplexities Ought we not therefore to call thee our friend, O Death, was it only for thy putting a period to a life of such misery? But when we further consider, Thou destroyest only the earthly chains, with which we are shackled, and settest us free from such vile slavery, should we not call thee our great deliverer? When we consider, Thou breakest our carnal bondage, and givest the imprisoned spirit perfect liberty; that thou finishest a life of infelicity, and openest to us the doors of immortal happiness, should we not call thee by some kinder name, than friend?

Thou wearest, O Death a frightful form, lest mortals should be too much enamoured with thee, and desire to embrace thee too abruptly; but those, who view thee closely, can discover, under the hideous mask, the blooming beauties of eternal youth: Therefore, O Death, whenever thou hast a mind to visit me, come, and I'll bid thee hearty welcome.

B. S.

*Contemplations on the wonderful works of
God, &c.*

IN fair weather, when our hearts is cheered and we feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, we may think our selves as plac'd by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions, or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding, as well as to the eye. Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring Comets, are De-
cora-

corations of this mighty Theatre. And the sable Hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the Horizon, we may look on as so many successive scenes. When we consider things in this light we may think it an impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those Phenomena's that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of their creator, is an affront to Providence. How few are there who attend to the beauties of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable machines, whereby the passions of the learned are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprize. How many are there in the world, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a Planet; that the Sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own. But says some illiterate people, I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it, yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is you enjoy it as a Brute, but to enjoy it as a rational being is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections to obtain just sentiments of the almighty mind that framed it. The man, who unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the contemplation of things in heaven, and on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature. While those about him are, some asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning away their eyes from the entertainment prepared by providence, to play their time away in trifles with one another. Within this ample circumference

cumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect that lessens all human grandeur. But when we have seen frequent returns of the same things when we have often viewed the Heaven and the Earth in all their various array, our attention flags and our admiration ceases. All the art and magnificence in nature could not make us pleas'd with the same entertainment, which is frequently presented to our view. A question being asked, whether it were possible that a man should be weary of a fortunate and healthy course of life; was answered thus. That the bare repetition of the same objects, abstracted from all other inconveniencies; was sufficient to create in our minds a distaste of the world; and that the abhorrence old men have of death, proceeds rather from a distrust of what may follow, than from the prospect of losing any present enjoyments. For (as an ancient author expresses it) when a man has seen the vicissitudes of night and day, winter and summer, spring and autumn, the returning faces of the several parts of nature, what is there further to detain his fancy here below. The spectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing several times. But in a very few scenes of revolving years, we feel a satiety of the same images, the mind grows impatient to see the curtain drawn, and behold new scenes disclos'd, and the imagination in this life filled with a confus'd idea of the next. Death considered in this light, is no more than passing from one entertainment to another. If the present objects are grown tiresome and distasteful, it is in order to prepare our minds for a more exquisite relish of those which are fresh and new. If the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are transient, they will

will be succeeded by those which the inexhaustible power of the deity will supply to eternal ages. If the pleasures of our present state are blended with pain and uneasiness, our future will consist of sincere and unmixed delights. Blessed hope! the thought whereof turns the very imperfections of our nature into occasions of comfort and joy. But what consolation is left to the man who hath no hope or prospect of these things; view him in that part of life when the natural decay of his faculties concurs with the frequency of the same objects to make him weary of this world, when, like a man who hangs upon a precipice, his present situation is uneasy, and the moment that he quits his hold, he is sure of sinking into misery.

A City Night-piece.

THE clock has struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watch man forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and now nothing wakes but guilt, revelry and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide or murderer lifts his guilty arm against his own person. Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of cotemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past, and now like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities. What a gloom hangs all around! the dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam, no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten, and this hour may well display the emptiness of human vanity. There may come a time when this temporary

by solitude may be made continual, and the city it
 self, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a
 desert in its room. What cities, as great as this,
 have once triumph'd in existence, had their victo-
 ries as great as ours, joy as great and as unbounded
 as we, and with short-sighted presumption, promi-
 sed themselves immortality. Posterity can hardly
 trace the situation of some. The sorrowful travel-
 ler wanders over the awful ruins of others, and as
 he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transi-
 ence of every worldly possession. Here stood their
 citadel, but now grown over with weeds; there
 their senate-house, but now the haunt of every
 noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here,
 now only an undistinguish'd heap of ruin. They
 are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them
 feeble. The rewards of state were conferred on
 amusing, and not on useful members of society.
 Thus true virtue languished, their riches and opu-
 lence invited the plunderer, who tho' once repulsed,
 return'd again, and at last swept the defendants
 into undistinguish'd destruction. How few appear
 in those streets, which but some few hours ago
 were crowded, and those who appear no longer,
 now wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide
 their lewdness or their misery. But who are
 these who make the streets their couch, and
 find a short repose from wretchedness at the
 doors of the opulent. These are strangers, wan-
 derers and orphans, whose circumstances are too
 humble to expect redress, and their distresses too
 great even for pity. Some are without the covering
 even of rags, and others emaciated with disease;
 the world seems to have disclaim'd them; society
 turns its back upon their distress, and has given
 them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shi-
 vering females have once seen happier days, and
 been flattered into beauty. They have been prosti-
 tuted to the vain and luxurious villain, and are now
 turned

turned out to meet the severity of winter in the streets. Perhaps now lying at the doors of their betrayers they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible to calamity, or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them. Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes, the most imaginary uneasinesses of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and engage our attention, while you weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny, and finding enmity in every law. Why was my heart form'd with so much sensibility! or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse! tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the heart that feels it more wretched than the object that sues for assistance. But let me turn from a scene of such distress to the sanctified hypocrite, who has been talking of virtue till the time of bed, and now steals out to give a loose to his vices, under the protection of midnight; vices more atrocious, because he attempts to conceal them. See how he pants down the dark alley, and, with hastening steps, fears an acquaintance in every face. He has passed the whole day in company he hates, and now goes to prolong the night among company that as heartily hate him. May his vices be detected, may the morning rise upon his shame, yet villainy when detected, seldom gives up, but boldly adds impudence to imposture.——

To all ye vicious careless sparks,
 Whose thoughts ne'er soar so high as larks;
 To you whose ways are bent on riot,
 Proud to disturb your neighbour's quiet,
 Say, to what creatures are you join'd;
 The human or the apish kind;
 The question ask'd and not to flatter,
 The honest answer is, the latter.

For

For nothing human should be evil,
 Or do the actions of the Devil;
 And hence a thought must sure arise,
 It can be neither good nor wise,
 To talk to brutes, who men despise.
 Who break their laws, tho' good and just,
 For ever kicking up a dust,
 By making riots in the street,
 Abusing every one they meet.
 At home, abroad, by day or night,
 Mischief's for ever their delight;
 No matter what, 'tis all a joke,
 A fractur'd skull, or neck that's broke.
 How long, O Man, you've been abus'd,
 Your selves and families ill us'd,
 By brutes in human shape, like these,
 Who sense and virtue must displease!
 Then let not shape and human feature
 Ever protect this monstrous creature,
 Who, tho' like man he walks erect,
 Attend, and you'll his kind detect.
 Action's the man, and not the shape;
 Man has two legs, so has an Ape.

*The character of being a true Christian, is
 the highest style of man.*

IT is often matter of much surprise, that any reasonable being should reject the christian system, when fairly and truly proposed to him; a system which, as a late celebrated author expresses it, "gives to virtue its sweetest hopes, to impenitent vice its greatest fears, and to true penitence its best consolations; which checks even the least approaches to guilt, and yet makes those allowances

for the infirmities of our nature, which the stoic pride denied it, but which the imperfection of it requires."

If a man be really virtuous and honest, and is desirous to commend himself to the Deity by a rational and serious conduct, it seems impossible to suppose, that he should have any objection to that system, which "gives to virtue its sweetest hopes," which places the duties of morality upon the firmest and most extensive foundation, and which elevates the soul to the noblest and most consistent ideas of God, and of the services which are acceptable to him.

If a man be engaged in vicious pursuits, and dedicated to criminal gratifications, there seems again no solid reason why he should reject and oppose the christian religion, and shroud himself beneath the dark banner of deism or infidelity; since the deity can only be pleased with the deeds of the pure and deserving: so that while a man continues in the practice of vice, he must disapprove his proceedings.

If therefore, desirous to obtain the Divine Attention, he resolves to alter his life, and to abandon the path of guilt, what religion should he embrace so soon, so gladly, as that which "gives to true penitence its consolations:" nay which alone can give any solid consolation to penitence, and assure it undoubtedly of the pardon for which it so anxiously wishes? Human reason, it is plain, could never perfectly satisfy itself, respecting the willingness of the deity to admit to pardon on repentance only; the heathens abundantly testified their persuasion of the contrary, by not trusting only to penitence; superadding, as was universally the custom, sacrifices and offerings, libations, gifts, and atonements of different sorts: by which they conceived their gods were to be pleased; a notion which most probably they derived from tradition;

as unenlightened reason seems perfectly to disclaim, or at least to be an utter stranger to the idea.—But, to the exquisite comfort of the returning penitent, the christian religion leaves not this most important of all concerns to the fluctuation of uneasy conjecture, while it establishes his hopes upon the surest basis, and supports his repentance with the most unexceptionable assurance of its prevalence, through an atonement all sufficient and well pleasing. The vicious man, therefore, if he hath any real understanding, can never, with propriety, reject Christianity. Since if ever he intends to repent, and no man living intends to die impenitent;—no religion, but the christian, can afford him a solid, a rational ground of hope.—For, let what system or persuasion soever be true, the sincere professor of Christianity cannot fail of his recompence; cannot be unacceptable to G O D.

Such, then, is the Christian Religion, that we even challenge the wit and malice of its enemies to say, whether it be not most holy and pure in its precepts, and gives not the most exalted thoughts of the almighty, and the most abasing opinion of ourselves; whether it places perfection in any thing less than resembling him, who is all perfection, and living up to the dignity of our beings: whether its worship be not a reasonable service, adapted to the spiritual nature of the omnipotent, and the mixed composition of men; whether the gospel terms of acceptance upon sincerity, and pardon upon repentance, be not suited to the present condition of human nature; and its rewards proportioned to men's innate strong desires of immortality: whether tranquility can be had out of the way it recommends of restraining inordinate desires and restless passions, of following the dictates of conscience, of reconciling ourselves to God, by amendment, after having acted otherwise: and of living in dependence on his protection, aid and favour, in well

doing; whether in the practice of universal justice, charity, and other social and relative offices (all which are enjoined or enforced by Christianity) the earth would not become a most joyful place; as it hath proved, through ignorance or neglect of these doctrines and motives to be the seat of contention, rapine and oppression!

Hence it follows, that if the divine precepts of the christian religion were truly obeyed, all the happiness attainable in this life would be thereby established; and to which, however, are owing (tho' so little practised) the quiet, the security, the order that a great part of the world at present enjoys.

Of Pleasure.

ALL unwarrantable delights have an ill farewell, and destroys those that are greater; and the main reason why we have restraints put upon us is, because an unbounded liberty would undo us. Besides, pleasure, when it is a man's chief purpose, disappoints itself; and the constant application to it pals the faculty of enjoying it. It is thought there is more fatigue in a round of circular pleasures, than in the prosecution of business and affairs: the enjoyments we pursue, grow staler in the possession; and when we have run thro' them, leave us flat and insipid, spent and overlaboured. It is a fair inference, therefore from hence, that pleasure can only be so, when pursued with moderation. As far as health is kept up, and melancholy discharged, by these amusements, they may be tolerable enough within a rule. The end, therefore of pleasure, is to support the offices of life, to relieve the fatigue of business and to reward a regular action. Pleasure and recreation of one kind or other
are

are absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant attention and labour. Indeed the use of wisdom stands in tempering our pleasures. There are some so rigid, or so timorous; that they avoid all diversions, and dare not but abandon lawful delights, for fear of offending: these are hard tutors, if not tyrants, to themselves, and whilst they pretend a mortified strictness, are injurious to their own liberty, and to the liberality of their maker. We should learn first by a just survey, to know the due and lawful bounds of pleasure; and then beware either to go beyond a known boundary, or, in the license of our desires, remove it — But a man should not abstain from the appearances of mirth and pleasantry, for fear of being thought a carnal man, or a spend-thrift; it is entertaining wrong notions of things out of a superstitious fear; as if mirth was made for reprobates, and cheerfulness of heart denied those who are the only persons that have a proper title to it. It is not the business of virtue and religion to extirpate the affections of the mind, but regulate them, they may moderate or restrain, but were not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. True religion and virtue contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The practice of true religion and virtue are, in their own nature, so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of virtue and religion clears as well as composes, the soul; it banishes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth; but in exchange, fills the mind with perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleas'd in it self. If men would live (said a learned Divine) as religion requires they should do, the world would be a quiet habitation: and the true reason why the societies of men are so

full of tumult and disorder, is, because there is so little true religion among them; so that if it were not for some remainders of piety and virtue, which are scattered amongst mankind, human society would in a short time, disband and run into confusion; the earth would become wild, and become a great forest; and men would turn beasts of prey one towards another.

O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
Inclos'd with danger, and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span! and overfeeds
His cramm'd desires with more than nature needs:
For nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight;
Which minds, unmix'd with fears and cares
obtain,
A Soul serene, a body void of pain.—

The nimble moth around the taper plays,
And sports, and flutters near the treach'rous blaze;
Ravish'd with joy he wings his eager flight,
Nor dreams of ruin, in so clear a light;
He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
A bright destruction, and a shining tomb.—

A wise man values pleasure at a very little rate, because it is the bane of mind, and often the cause of all misery : but he values no possession more than virtue, because it is the fountain of all publick and private happiness. A desire to excel others in virtue, is very commendable : and a delight in obtaining praise, deserves encouragement, because it discovers an excellent mind : but he is wicked, who employs his thoughts in taking pleasure in the worst of villainy.——The minds of men are deposed from their proper seat and state by the allurements of pleasure. It corrupts them ; and there's not a more deadly plague in nature than voluptuousness.

ousness: whoever addict himself altogether to pleasures, loses his reason, and is ruin'd; and he that desires to decline her charms, must stop his ears, and not listen to them, but must hearken to, and observe the precepts and instructions of the wife. —

Some plung'd in riot, seek their sovereign good
From tilting spirits, and tumultuous blood,
With large potations reason's voice depress,
And drown her clamours in the deep excess;
'Midst reaking fumes exhale their life away,
Whilst late repentance and a swift decay,
Pursuing close at pleasure's lawless heels,
Brings all the woes despairing frenzy feels,
When lungs decay'd, and nerves convulsive shake,
Each painful pang confirms the mad mistake:
Reflection then on reason's aid shall call,
Bid prudence prop what what folly dooms to
fall. —

Will downy beds, or aromatic flowers,
Sequester'd shades, or aromanthine bowers,
Blunt the keen anguish of a troubled breast,
When guilty thoughts the startled soul invest;
Not all the riches of wide *India's* shore,
Arabia's sweets, or *Afric's* golden store,
Can ease a wounded soul; nor ease the smart
By vice inflicted on a guilty heart:
Nature and art their charms in vain bestow;
'Tis innocence alone true peace can know.
Why start ye guilty thus — at every noise;
Where are his transports fled, his home-felt
joys,

Wherefore, in vain, her notes doth music pow'r,
Or fortune all her glittering favours shower,
Stung with remorse the plunderer dreads the
weight

Of rigorous justice, and avenging fate;
For this he starts if gentle Zephyrs shake
The pattering leaves, or tremble in the crake.

The toiling peasant's breast no cares annoy;
 His life is labour, and his labour joy;
 His guiltless bosom knows not to relent,
 Rich in his humble fare, and sweet content,
 In his lone humble cot the treasure lies,
 Which neither wealth can buy, nor pomp supplies.

Grant then, thou power divine, whose single nod
 Can make the trembling world confess its God.
 That guilt my honest heart may never stain,
 Nor troubled conscience dart afflicting pain:
 Turn me, O turn me, from the path impure,
 In thee I trust, thy aid alone is sure. —

The wind was high; the window shakes,
 With sudden start the miser wakes,
 Along the silent room he stalks,
 Looks back and trembles as he walks,
 Each lock and every bolt he tries, —
 In every creek and corner pries,
 Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard,
 But now with sudden qualms possess'd,
 He wrings his hands he beats his breast,
 By conscience stung he wildly stares,
 And thus his guilty soul declares.
 Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
 But virtue's sold. Good God, what price
 Can recompence the pangs of vice!
 O bane of good! seducing cheat!
 Can man, weak man, thy power defeat;
 Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
 And only left the name behind;
 Gold sow'd the world with every ill
 Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill;
 'Twas gold instructed coward hearts,
 In treach'ry's more pernicious arts;
 Who can recount the mischiefs o'er;
 Virtue resides on earth no more. —

Did

Did gold, base wretch, corrupt mankind;
 The fault's in thy rapacious mind,
 Because my blessings are abus'd,
 Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd,
 Ev'n virtue's self by knaves are made
 A cloak to carry on the trade,
 And power (when lodg'd in their possession)
 Grows tyranny and rank oppression.
 Thus when the miser crams his chest,
 Gold is the canker of the breast.
 'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
 And ev'ry shocking vice beside.
 But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
 It blesses like the dews of heaven,
 Like heaven it hears the orphans cries,
 And wipes the tears from widows eyes.
 Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
 Who pawn'd their fordid souls for pay:
 Let Bravo's then (when blood is spilt)
 Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

Character of the late Rev. Doctor Francis Wilson, Minister of Clondalkin and Prebendary of Kilmaclalway in the County of Dublin. With an account of his extraordinary behaviour to me who was his Parish Clerk for fifteen years.

THE Rev. Dr. *Francis Wilson* was born in the year 1697. He was educated in the university of *Dublin*, where he sat for a fellowship, and a clergy-man told me that tho' he lost it, no gentleman could answer more pertinent to the purpose, for he was reputed a scholar by all that knew him. He was some years curate of *St. Anne's*, and in the year 1728 was promoted to the prebend of

Kilmaclaw and vicarage of *Clondalkin*, by the late arch-bishop *King*. With regard to his person he was well proportioned, neither high nor low of stature, and had a most amiable countenance, and extreamly agreeable in conversation. Such was the external form of this good gentleman; but how shall I give the reader an idea of his capacious, his soaring mind! Alas! the task far exceeds my abilities; it requires a genius equal to his own; let it therefore suffice to say, that certainly his learning and abilities were exceeding great. His conduct and behaviour was truly amiable, he was always ready to assist others, open and communicative in his conversation, delighting to appear chearful and innocent in company, and well knew how to accommodate his behaviour to different capacities; he was very diligent in discharging his duty to his flock, and I really believe no clergyman was ever better beloved by his parishioners than he, he was so tender hearted that he frequently shed tears at burying the dead, and very often in the pulpit. He laboured with great assiduity, to promote the honour of his maker, and to establish the great truths of religion, his whole delight was in doing the will of his great Creator, and in endeavouring to promote the happiness of his fellow-creatures. He was esteemed to be of a clear judgment in all arguments, he was easy and contented, and was extensively charitable, that superfluity of wealth which others too often squander in riot and debauchery, he laid out in charitable uses, in removing the pressures of indigence from the breast of the unfortunate, and in comforting those in affliction. He rejoiced at every opportunity of assisting those in necessity, or relieving merit in distress. I have seen so much of his goodness to others, and received so many kindnesses from him my self; that I think it my duty with gratitude to endeavour to perpetuate his memory to future posterity. He died in *November 1743*, and
was

was buried under the communion-table in *Clondalkin*. I hope he now receives the full fruition of all his christian kindnesses in the regions of exalted bliss. *Amen, Amen.*

The Father's advice to his Daughter.

DEAR Child these words which briefly I declare,

Let them not hang like jewels in thine ear,
But in the secret closet of thine heart,
Close lock 'em up that they may ne'er depart.
First give to God the flower of thy youth,
Take for thy guide the blessed word of truth,
Adorn thyself with grace; prize wisdom more
Than all the pearls upon the *Indian* shore.
Think nor to live for ever free from sorrow,
'The man that laughs to day, may weep to-mor-
row;

Nor dream of joys unmixed here below;
'The fragrant roses on the thorns do grow :
Scorn the deluding world that most bewitches,
And place thy hopes on everlasting riches ;
Make room for Christ ; let not so base a guest
As earth have any lodging in thy breast.
Bad company, as deadly poison shun,
Thousands thereby are ruined and undone :
The giddy multitude will go astray,
Turn from the broad, and chuse the narrow way :
Keep death and judgment, always in thine eye,
None's fit to live, but who are fit to die.
Make use of present time because thou must
Shortly take up thy lodging in the dust ;
'Tis dreadful to behold the setting sun,
And night approaching e'er thy work be done.

Let

Let not thy winged days be spent in vain,
 When gone, no gold can call 'em back again.
 Strive to subdue thy sin when first beginning,
 Custom when once confirm'd, is strangely winning;

Be much at prayers, it is the begging trade,
 By which true christians are the richest made;
 Of meditation get the blessed art,
 And often search thine own deceitful heart :
 Fret not, nor envy at thy neighbour's wealth,
 Learning, preferment, beauty, strength or health ;
 Abhor the lying tongue, vile fraud detest
 Plain hearted men by providence are blest,
 Take heed of idleness, that cursed nurse
 And mother of all vice, there's nothing worse ;
 Fly far from pride, high hills are barren fount,
 But the low vallies with choice fruit abound.
 Short sinful pleasures and delights eschew,
 Eternal torments are their wages due.
 In th' race of temperance run, and always keep
 A mean in eating, drinking, and in sleep :
 Let modest silence be your chiefest care
 In all your conversation, and beware
 Of being over talkative, and shun
 That lewd perpetual motion of the tongue.
 The itch of speaking much, and be content
 That your discourse, tho' short, be pertinent :
 Nor costly garments wear ; let men admire
 Thy person most, and not thy rich attire,
 Lay up good treasures in thy gen'rous heart,
 Which by discourse thou wisely may'st impart ;
 To profit other's, holy thoughts within
 Will guide thy tongue, and guard thy lips from
 sin,

Learn to distinguish between faithful friends,
 And fawning flatterers, who for baser ends,
 Will speak thee fair with words as soft as oyl,
 And make a shew of friendship to beguile.

The

The secrets of thy friend do not disclose,
 Left by so doing thou resemble those;
 Whose ears are laking vessels which contain
 Nothing but what's pour'd in, runs out again.
 Quickly their mouths proclaim 'em most unfit
 For any trust, and that they're void of wit,
 If thou resolve to change a single life;
 And hast a purpose to become a wife,
 Then chuse thy husband not for worldly gain,
 Nor his sweet air or shape, or beauty vain;
 If money draws, or thou by lust be led,
 Expect no blessing on the marriage bed;
 But if the fear of God, most excellent,
 Be thy chief end, then look for true content,
 Cast off all needless and distrustful care,
 A little is enough, too much a snare.
 Our journey from the cradle to the grave
 Is such as will not much provision crave,
 For such conveniences as must be had,
 Confide in God, who hath so richly clad,
 The fragrant meadows, with sweet silver show-
 ers

Sent down to nurse the tender plants and flowers,
 He for each chirping bird, prepares a nest,
 And gives each creature that which feeds it best:
 To him give thanks for mercies which before
 Thou hast receiv'd, and that makes way for more;
 For faults reprove thy friend before his face,
 But praise his virtues in some other place.
 Labour for peace, chuse to contend with none,
 Let reason evermore keep in the throne
 Treading fierce wrath and lawless passion down;
 Beloving, gracious, courteous and kind
 And thus thou shalt both peace and honour find,
 In this vain world; and when all conquering
 death,

Thy body shall destroy and stop thy breath,
 Upon the golden wings of faith and love
 Thy soul shall fly to paradise above,

And

And there be crown'd with endless joy and peace,
Where sin and sorrow shall for ever cease.

Dear Daughter,

IT is a great satisfaction to me, to reflect on that dutiful behaviour, wherewith you have hitherto demeaned yourself in compliance to my directions, and particularly that by your industry you have made such extraordinary improvements in those necessary accomplishments of writing and accounts, which will always distinguish you among those of your own sex, and since learning join'd to virtue makes the brightest figure, I shall give you a few words of advice upon that subject. First then, since religion is the great refiner of reason, and the improver of morality, be devout and steady in the profession of it, attend constantly on the public services of the church with serenity and evenness of temper, let your devotions be neither careless nor affected, and that you may obtain the divine blessing, let this like all other duties, be free and unconstrained, be watchful against temptations for they soon fall who are not guarded with caution; in your conversation be modest, courteous to all, familiar with few, and intimate but with one, be not haughty in spirit, nor imperious in words, nor stiff in your deportment, be neither too reserved, nor yet too free: but 'tis more safe to incline to the former, than to the latter, never applaud yourself, nor seem much affected with what you say or do; in your expence be frugal and study the art of laying out your money, wisely ever keeping a mean betwixt a niggardly thriftiness, and a lavish profuseness, and as you should be always frugal

gal for a good end, never be generous for a bad one; for generosity wrong plac'd becomes a vice, &c. I am your most affectionate father,

A. B.

*The Resolutions of a virtuous young Lady
in choice of a husband, &c.*

WHAT I intend to do, if it please God to bring me into a married state: for the choice of a husband, his person shall be such as I can entirely love and delight in. His humour, as near as I can judge, suitable to mine; so that we may delight in each others company. I would not have him hasty, nor passionate, nor not to others. A competency of estate, so that we may live, and not be beholding to friends, is all I desire: for I do not, nor never did reckon, that the comforts of one's life, will, or doth consist in having abundance of the world. I would chiefly, and above all, have one that doth truly fear God; not only a professor, but one that is seriously godly, and whose chief delight is, as near as I can judge, and learn by others, in the things of God. I will, if I can possible, have my judgment go before my affection, in the choice of husband. If it please God my parents live to see me married, I will not entertain any discourse with any that I intend to marry, without their consent and liking. If I am able to keep servants, they shall be, as near as I can discover, and by enquiring know of others, those that truly fear God; at least they shall be civilized. As for men servants, if I should marry a citizen, I shall think it my duty, to let my husband alone with them; but if he doth neglect his duty to them,
by

by not calling them to an account, for the sermons they hear, reading, &c. If I can't persuade him to it, I shall then think I may, and must take some care of their souls. As for maids, I'll, before ever I hire them, tell them, they must go with me to hear at the same place I do; but if they are joined with any others, then I'll let them go sometimes there, and sometimes with me. They shall give an account of what they hear, until the affairs of my family are such that I can't do it. They shall read to me, at least, once a day; or else I'll ask them about their reading: for I shall think it to be my duty, when I take any into my family, to take some care of their souls, as well as for their bodies, and to do all I can for their souls good, by admonishing them, and giving them all the good council I can, and giving all encouragement I can in what is good, if they grow wicked and careless, and will not bear reproof, I shall look upon it my duty to change them, and not to mind what people say of my frequent changing of maids. *David* would not abide a liar in his sight, and I am sure that is most pleasing to God, to have, as near as I can, all in my family that fear him, and delight in his holy ways. As for children, if it please God to bless me with them, I shall look upon it to be my duty, if I am able, to nurse them my self, and to take all the care I can of them in their infancy, and betimes to check the buddings of original sin, by not encouraging of revenge or pride in them, and as soon as they are able to learn, to teach them their catechism, and what is good; but so as not to tire them but make it as pleasant to them as I can, by giving them all the encouragement and praise when they do well, and timely correcting them when they do what is sinful. As for my carriage to my husband, I shall reckon it both prudence and my duty, to study his humour when we first come together, and then to do all I can without sinning to please and oblige

oblige him, to obey him in all things that are not contrary to the commands of God. If I should light on one that is wicked, I'll endeavour what I can by my carriage to engage his affections thoroughly to me, and then to make use of that tie to engage him to God, and by my christian carriage to try what can be done to win him over to *Christ* by reproving him with all meekness and acknowledging my great love to him, and that 'tis love that makes me do it, and my desire of his being happy for ever. I shall reckon it my duty if I have a good man, to be willing to learn of him, and to do what we can to engage each other more entirely to God, to make use of our love to one another to inflame our souls with the love of *Christ*. Being convinced by scripture and reason that 'tis my duty to give to the poor, I now resolve when I marry to give according to my ability; tho' I cannot resolve upon any sum, yet I'll give according as I am able. When I make any provisions that I'd have kept I'll give some to all in the family, that so I may not put them upon the temptation of stealing. And as for other victuals they shall have sufficient, but none to waste if I can help it; I resolve to do my duty to my servants, tho' they should not do theirs towards me, and to endeavour conscientiously to discharge my duty to all relations; begging of God that he would now help me to do it: O that I could now do all with an eye to God; and be willing always to be at his disposal in every thing. — Forcing to marry, is in the plain consequences, not only a force upon nature, but furnishes an excuse to sin; I do not say 'tis a just excuse, for nothing can be a just excuse for an unjust action: but 'tis furnishing a plausible pretence to such persons especially, who are but indifferently furnished with virtue before, to justify the excursions of their vice. Observe the following passage. There was a young Lady, who a rich old man proposed to his nephew to marry; and her friends be-

ing

ing content to treat about it, the terms of estate and settlements were agreed between them, and the writings were orderd to be drawn: for that lady had no inconsiderable fortune; in the mean time the gentleman was admitted to wait upon the young lady; they agreed, liked one another very well, and it went on even to loving one another, and that exceedingly. In the mean time something presented it self with more fortune, and the uncle takes upon him to change his mind, imposing the change too upon his nephew, and so breaks off the match, obliges him to go and wait upon a new mistress, and this without so much as a pretence of any other objection, than that of a larger portion offering in another. The young gentleman was exceedingly disgusted at the proposal, and used all possible arguments with his uncle, and employed all his friends to persuade him to let the first match go forward, as it had been carried on such a length, that he could not go off, with honour or satisfaction to him, the young lady and he being mutually engag'd in affections as well as interests. But the old man was inflexible and arbitrary, would not hear of any reasons, but would be obey'd, and as for affections and such trifles as these, he slighted them to the last degree; as things of no consequence at all in the case: Well, the young gentleman had no remedy; he was obliged tho' with infinite reluctance, to abandon his mistress, a lady of merit and beauty, fortune and good breeding, and every thing agreeable to him; and turn his eyes where his uncle directed, without any regard to all these, or to his own inclination. But he did not do this without acquainting the lady with the force that was put upon him, and letting her know his unhappy circumstances, offering to relinquish all the hopes of his uncle's fortune and favour, and take her at all hazards. But her friends would not agree to that; nor would she consent without her father, for

for then they might have been both beggars. This being the case, they both parted, but with mutual assurances however of affection, and of a farther union, if the uncle could be brought to any compliance. But this was not all, for now the uncle proposes the new match to him, and sends him to wait upon the lady. He had, with great difficulty complied with the old gentleman in quitting the first lady, who was mistress of a thousand good qualities, as well as of a good fortune. But when he came to this new proposed creature, his stomach turn'd at the very sight of her: she was not deformed indeed, but far from handsome; she had neither wit or manners, good humour or good breeding, beauty of body or beauty of mind; in a word she was every way disagreeable, only that she was a vast fortune. However the uncle that was arbitrary in the negative before, was as tyrannic in the affirmative now; and without troubling you with the many disputes between the uncle and the nephew upon that head; his entreaties, his humble petitions against the match, declaring (as he himself said) to his uncle, that he had much rather die; yet he obliged him to take her, and take her he did, being loth to lose an estate of near two thousand pounds a year, besides money, and which was worse, having no other dependance in the world. After he was married, that is to say, coupled, for he often declared it was no lawful marriage, but a violence upon him; he made as bad a husband as any woman that knows she has nothing to be beloved for, and knows the man hates her, when he takes her, could expect: for being thus tied to the four apple-tree, married to his aversion, and separated from the object of his affection, he abandoned himself to company, to wine, to gaming, to women, and all kinds of excess. A pious and reverend minister, not of his parish, but of a neighbouring one, and of which the gentleman

was

was patron, frequently took opportunities to talk seriously to him upon the sad subject of his extravagant life and with a christian plainness, tho' with decency and respect too, especially as he was his patron, he often pressed him to take up, to reform, and, at least, to regulate his morals. The gentleman took all his admonitions in good part; but told him in few words, it was his uncle had destroyed him; that he had a sober education, and was as promising a young fellow as any in the country, till his uncle ruined him by forcing him to marry against his will, obliging him to abandon a lady that he loved, and whose very example added to the influence she would have had upon his affections, was enough to have kept him within bounds all his days; and then he related all the circumstances of his match, as is before related. In vain, the good minister urged the christian arguments of duty; the command of God, the scandal to his person, the ruin to his fortune, and all other arguments which religion and reason furnish so fully on such occasions. His answer was, what can I do? I have no retreat my family is a bedlam: I have no body to receive me but a disagreeable woman. But, Sir, says the good man, religion is not to depend upon relative circumstances, and we are not to serve God, as we have or have not a comfortable family. And why did not you declare at the book, as you ought to have done, that you knew a lawful impediment why you should not be joined together, for that you were firmly engaged to another, and the other to you; I dare say no divine of our church would have married you. O, Sir there was a reason for that too, says the gentleman, a reason that no body could withstand, a reason enforced with an estate of two thousand pounds a year; and the reason all in the power of a tyrant, deaf to all reasonings but that of money; in short, there is the reason that has undone me, and that made an adulterer of me; what

what signifies it what I do now? It is a dismal case, Sir, says the minister, but I beseech you to consider the crime is not to be continued in and increased; and if you sinned in marrying, you have the less need to sin after marriage. All evil courses are to be repented off, and broken off. Here the minister went on serious, and made very earnest applications to him to change his course of life. Thus we may see the miserable consequences of marriages entered into contrary to pre-engag'd affections forced matches made by relations for the meer sake of money, without regard to the obligations that may be subsisting at the same time, and without regard to the affection and inclination of the parties concerned.

On hearing a beautiful young Lady singing.

O Cease, in pity cease to speak,
Or humanize the seraph sound,
For mortal organs are too weak
To bear the soul dissolving wound.
In vain we strive t' avert the ear,
Caught by the magic of thy tongue,
Spight of our selves, compell'd to hear,
We wonder, love, and are undone.

Of the power of Money.

DOES justice or the client's sense,
Teach Lawyers either side's defence?
The fee gives eloquence it's spirit;
That only is the client's merit.
Does art, wit, wisdom, or address
Obtain the prostitute's caress?

The

The guinea (as in other trades.)
From every hand alike perswades.

A necessary Caution.

I Once had money and a friend,
And did them both preserve,
I lent my money to my friend,
His needful use to serve.
I spar'd my money to my friend,
As long as well I could,
I saw no money, nor no friend,
Return as reason would.
I ask'd my money of my friend,
I thought his stay was strange,
I saw no money, nor no friend,
But found a foe in change.
You that have money and a friend,
Be warn'd at my cost,
Lest money, friends and warning both,
Be, altogether lost.

*A very remarkable passage, worthy of ob-
servation.*

AT the foot of Haion Horos, the holy moun-
tain*, (thro' which the proud Persian mo-
narch, impotent in power, vainly desired to cut
an impossible way) lived Albanus the hermit.
His

* Mount Athos, so called both by Greeks and Turks.
There is not any appearance, travellers assure us,
of the passage, which some historians say, Xerxes cut
through it.

His little hut was almost inaccessible to the tread of mortals; forty years had rolled away during his residence there; and he had passed an hundred years of weary pilgrimage upon the earth. The snowy locks which covered his venerable head were not more pure and white than his conscience; and his wisdom was celebrated throughout all the neighbouring country, for he leaned on the staff of experience, and the eye of his mind was clear, unpolluted, and piercing as the eagle's; his devotions were borne to heaven on the wings of faith and purity: his hope was firm, fixed as the roots of Haion Floros itself, and his intentions strait, and pointing to the skies, like the cedars, which grew from the mountain's top.

Not far from his hermitage, stood the convent of Pancratori, thither Albinus was wont frequently to resort, to unite in public prayer, and to listen to the enquiries of the sincere and solicitous. His council was like dew to the thirsty soil, like balm to the wounded and afflicted mind. Grief heard him, and forgot to weep; doubt listened, and behold it was light: error approached, and his hand presented the clue to guide her through the mazy labyrinth.

"Son of Arcadius, said the hermit, when one day he beheld Sofimenes waiting in the oratory.—Son of Arcadius to what purpose is this frequent maceration of thy body by fasting? to what end the multitude of thy prayers, and this vain repetition of empty words? Thinkest thou that the eye of the world, can view with a complacence a decorated outside, when the inward parts are defiled and abominable! Lo, he pierceth, with brightness tenfold beyond the brightness of the sun, into the very secrets of the soul; the dawning thought, the rising intention are open to the view; not a word formeth itself on our tongue, not a desire suggesteth itself to our heart; but he knoweth it—the omnisci-

ent

ent Jehova!—for he created the heart,—he made the eye.”——

“ Venerable father, replied the son of Arcadius, may the eternal wisdom still be thy glory thou art as an angel of God! but say, shall we not awfully reverence his commands, who is the messenger of peace and life: the counsellor and everlasting God. He hath said, and I obey; he spoke, and with trembling I adore!”

“ Sosthenes, replied the hermit, hear and understand. A certain master had a servant, in whom he reposed great confidence. And being about to take a long journey, he committed to his trust all that he had, saying, Take heed to thyself and my household, oh my son; let watchfulness stay by thy side, let diligence lead thee on the way, let sobriety sit down continually at thy table; see that thou bar the gates of my dwelling, when the shadows of night approach, and in the morning be thou first at the crowing of the cock to awaken thy fellow servants to industry and labour.——So saying took his journey. The servant heard, and rejoiced in the trust: but soon forgetting his stay, he assumed himself the whole right, and fancied his Lord would no more return. He saw the gates of the household barred at night, he arose in the morning, and awakened the servants to industry and labour. But he drove far from himself sobriety, diligence and watchfulness.

——What thinkest thou, that the Lord of this servant will do to him, when he returns to claim his own? And when he shall only have to urge in his defence, that he secured the external avenues, while he consumed within all his master's substance! Will he not deliver him to the judge, and shall not his life be demanded with torture and ignominy?

Son of Arcadius, thou art this servant! Thy heart is full of corruption and deceit: Thou art a slave

slave to this world, though its independance is weaker than the bruised reed. Thou art thirsty for wealth, and greedy for power, though if thou couldest drink more than the sea before thee, or rise higher, than the inaccessible top of the holy mountain, thou wouldest not be satisfied,—Yet fraught with these passions, thou wouldest place the demon of deceit even before God and thyself! Vain and erring! And knowing, that the omnipotent requires a duteous observance, thou wouldest pay him with base coin, while thou retainest the real gold! But, what shall thy fasting profit thee; if thou dost not humble thy soul, and produce fruits acceptable to the King of eternity! Is the fast, that he hath chosen, designed only to cause the head to bow down as a bulrush; to afflict the body with sackcloth and ashes? is not this the acceptable fast—To loose the bands of wickedness; to undo the heavy burdens; to let the afflicted go free? is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry? To bring the poor to thy house? And when thou seest the naked to cover him? this is the fast which the Lord will approve, this will make thy light rise in obscurity and darkness shine as the noon day!

Remember, thou son of Arcadius, that purification of soul and spirituality of affections, are the great ends of the holy redeemer's faith: external services profit much, as means to this end; but are as empty, as the foam that dasheth on the rocks, and is no more,—when they are destitute of these graces; when they are the only reliance of the soul. He that offereth on the altar of an humble heart, penitence, purity, resignation and love, offereth an acceptable service, but what availeth all external sacrifice and pomp devoid of these? Lo, the barren tree, which beareth leaves only on the side of the mountain! It shall speedily be cut down; we have sought for fruit in

vain—Yet remember, that without leaves and blossoms there can be no fruit. Such are the external sacraments, and outward means of religion; they are nothing, destitute of inward fruits; yet inward fruits without them are not to be expected. What God hath united let not man disjoin.

Go thy ways, son of man, repent and turn to God: think not that thy prayer and fasting shall be remembered, to any other end than thy condemnation, if thou shalt tread again in the paths of folly. A man that fasteth for his sins, and goeth again and doeth the same, who will hear his prayer? and what doth his humbling profit him?

The hand almighty, which holdeth the golden scepter of the world, holdeth, oh Sofimenes, the key of life and death; he abhorreth the hypocrite; he discerneth the deepest secrets of the soul:—Miserable is that deluded mortal, who compelleth the indignant hand of this unbiassed justice, to unlock the gates of death—to assign the self deceiver a portion of unalterable punishment, and to shut upon him that door, which no man can open! Son of Arcadius, consider these things and be wise.”

Of Youth and Age.

THE different conditions of youth and age, with regard to this world, their enjoyments and views are worthy of the subject of our contemplation. The glow of warm blood, the vigour of health, and the strong powers of imagination, have ever presented to my mind the morning of life, like the morning of Day, where every thing is fresh and cheerful, inviting

ting to enjoyment and contributive of great pleasure. Love, pastime, and even business, are pursued with high delight. Every thing appears charming, as in the season of spring, inspiring us with rapture and inviting us to bliss. But as all sublunary transports have but transitory existence, the edge which tasting gives to our appetites, a full meal is sure to blunt; therefore, those who seek no higher enjoyments than from their passions, will be sure to experience satiety in their indulgence; nature having doom'd us to weariness in all the full gratification of our senses. Those only continue happy, who are so precautionarily prudent as to lay in early a stock for true permanent satisfaction; which is of a nature less violent, but infinitely more durable. This store must be composed of virtue, wisdom, and their fruits, which are knowledge, temperance and property, the needful instruments of felicity. Youth, therefore, to be happy, must acquire some of the attainments of age, to attain which reason will have recourse to the experience of grey hairs. It is in the dispensing of wisdom that age appears venerable; and without the power of doing it, it forfeits its high dignity, for a head grown hoary in follies is a woeful object of derision. Our passions in youth are very powerful seducers; they hurry us into hasty enjoyments, which have often their ending in very long and very fruitless repentance. Against these eminent evils, which have their foundations in early life, we have no kind of defence, but in the experience of later days, which those enjoy most happily who soonest acquire and regard virtuous tranquillity, the long practis'd in life have found the uncertainty of all enjoyments, and know that none are worth purchasing at the price of great hazards. The lover's dream of extasies, and the prodigals of high delights are equal delusions practis'd by passion on reason: for in rational enjoyments only duration is

to be found. We grow speedily sick of what we only admire, but are often lastingly gratified with what we reasonably approve. Thus must youth, to be happy, acquire some of the qualities of age; and age, to be comfortable, must retain some of those of youth. The strong passions and affections of both youth and age, are alike deceitful; as in one stage we have not attained to the vigour of sound judgment, and in the other we have past it, and got into the state of second dotage, without the benefits of restraints which were our securities in our first childhood; and we are apt to continue full in the pride of experience when the powers of reason are all decaying or become lost. Age depicted in the mind is decrepitude in winter, retiring in the evening to the comfortable shelter of a fire-side, where, secure from the rage of elements, and weary of vain pursuits, it can please itself with prattling of evils overcome, and pleasures that it has parted the enjoyment of without regret, seeking nothing but to wear down the last stage of life with ease, and leaving bustle and folly to those to whom by nature they belong. The greatest wisdom that can ornament hoary heads is, to quit the croud with a good grace, and voluntarily to leave giddy society before they become forcibly excluded from it. Infirmary must take shelter in the kindness of true friendship, and that is not to be expected from the many, but the few. Talkativeness is the foible and gratification of old age, and has been so distinguished, by observation, from ancient days to this present time. A cheerfulness retained from youth gives a gracefulness to this humour, and recommends even its imperfections, if not to common approbation, at least to particular good will. If youth has its advantages of high spirits and fond pursuits, old age can boast its comforts of composure and resignation. One stage of life is to be represented by the pleasurable appetite with which we
fit

fit down to a good meal; the other by the satisfied indifference with which we are sure to rise from it, and the willing disposition we make after it for rest. It is folly in youth to place too strong a reliance on long life; it is weakness in age to be over solicitous about it. In the former case, the expectation is indulged with uncertainty, in the latter the desire is attended with anxiety, because the chances of probability are entirely against it. All that we are sure of in this life is, that we must quit it, we know not when. And all that it most behoves us to do is to be prepared for that call, which wisdom and virtue are our constant admonishers to. It little matters how long we live in this world; but it greatly does in what manner we live in it. We have a full right, while we are here, to all rational enjoyments; and it is our faults, if we suffer other pursuits to become our deluders into disquiet. We should in all things be the seekers of our own peace and welfare; and the promoters of those of others. While we make such the rules of our conduct we shall be certainly good and happy; equally ready to continue with life and ready to resign it. Youth has no more bliss than sober reason can insure to it: nor has age more unhappiness than indiscretion brings upon it. All depends on our acting right parts in those different stages of our being; our credit and felicity, being such as we our selves make them; so that it is not providence, but perverseness, that makes us otherwise than happy.

On a sick man, unwilling to leave this World.

IS there no hope; the sick man said,
The silent Doctor shook his head,

K 3

And

And took his leave, with signs of sorrow,
 Despairing of his fee to morrow.
 When thus the man, with gasping breath,
 I feel the chilling wound of death.
 Since I must bid the world adieu;
 Let me my former life review.
 I grant my bargains well were made,
 But all men over-reach in trade;
 'Tis self-defence in each profession,
 Sure self-defence is no transgression.
 The little portion in my hands,
 By good security, on lands,
 Is well increas'd. If unawares,
 My justice to my self and heirs,
 Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
 For want of good sufficient bail;
 If I by writ, or bond or deed
 Reduc'd a family to need,
 My will hath made the world amends;
 My hope on charity depends.
 When I am number'd with the dead,
 And all my pious gifts are read,
 By Heaven and Earth 'twill then be known
 My charities were amply shown.
 An Angel came, Ah friend, he cry'd,
 No more in flattering hope confide.
 Can thy good deeds in former times
 Outweigh the ballance of thy crimes;
 What widow or what orphan prays
 To crown thy life with length of days;
 A pious action's in thy power,
 Embrace with joy the happy hour;
 Now, while you draw the vital air,
 Prove your intention is sincere:
 This instant give a hundred pound;
 Your neighbours want, and you abound.
 But why such haste the sick man whines,
 Who knows as yet what heaven designs;
 Perhaps I may recover still,
 That sum and more are in my will.

Fool

Fool, says the Angel, 'tis now plain,
 Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain;
 From every side with all your might,
 You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right,
 And after Death would fain atone,
 By giving what is not your own.
 While there is life, there's hope he cry'd,
 Then why such haste; so groan'd and dy'd.

Of Idleness.

IDLENESS and impertinence, a doing of nothing, or of nothing to the purpose, are always signs of a vain, loose, and inconsiderate spirit, but they are never more so, than where there is some very momentous and weighty business to be done. The man that sleeps away his happy retirements, or with the *Roman* Emperor, spends them in killing flies, betrays a great deal of weakness and folly; but should he do the same at the bar, when he is to plead for his life, he would certainly be thought one of the most inconsiderate of men. And yet this too often happens to be the case of those who reckon themselves rational creatures. For the generality of men live at random, without any aim or design at all and those that propose some end, seldom take up with any that are important and material, or if they do, they seldom proportion their care to the weight of things, but are serious in trifles, and trifling in things serious: besides all this, there is nothing relating purely to this world that can deserve the name of business, or be worth the over anxious thoughts of him who has an immortal soul, and his salvation to work out with fear and trembling. The greatest secular affairs and interests are but specious

cious trifles; and all our designs and employments about them are but uncertain motions and solemn impertinencies. And yet this is made the center of all our studies and endeavours; the great bent of the world points this way: hence are taken the measures of wisdom and prudence, and religion it self is forced to truckle to worldly policy: And whereas in the mean time there is an affair of grand importance, and wherein all mankind are deeply concern'd, and such as really deserves all that care and sollicitude which we lavish away upon other things, and infinitely more, and yet this is almost utterly neglected, by many is least cared for, and by very few sufficiently regarded. So that considering the general practice of the world, there are very few in it to whom that will not be a very proper and seasonable admonition, which our blessed Lord gave to his solicitous and over-busy disciple, *Martha, Martha*, thou art careful and troubled about many things but one thing is needful. — How intolerable is the idleness that some youths indulge themselves in, who think any application either to divine or human things beneath them; if they do but keep themselves from gross immoralities and unpardonable faults, they cannot be brought to a comprehension of, that doing nothing can be criminal. How fatal and ill grounded this supposition is, is too evident, not only from the contemplation of the very frame of the human soul, whose vigorous faculties can never bear a moment's inactivity, and of consequence if not employ'd in laudable and religious performances, must necessarily fall into detestable and inglorious contrivances; but also from the uncomfortable experience of millions of promising geniuses, by meer want of application to some honourable business, led gradually into insufferable and ignominious vices. If youths then did but duly attend their business and other duties enjoined them by their superiors, they would never indulge themselves in idleness, so unreasonable

reasonable a time as to forget that it is only an amusement, or to be so intent and ardent in any trifling diversions, as to fall into scandalous quarrels, impious imprecations against that powerful and amiable being, to whom they owe so much veneration; and all those other boisterous and uncomely passions, which in their maturer years, must with so much difficulty and labour be extirpated, or will otherwise throw them into vices of the blackest dye, which will infallibly destroy their estates and reputations in this life, and make them miserable everlastingly in the next. — By industry we are redeemed from the molestations of idleness; which is the most tedious and irksome thing in the world; racking our souls with anxious suspense, and perplexing distraction. Emulation is a noble passion; it is industrious, but yet it is just; it keepeth a man within the terms of honour, and maketh the contest for glory fair, and generous, in striving to excel by raising itself, and not by depressing of another. — It has been observed by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, Providence has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chase of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them: the preservation of their being is the whole business of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monster in the creation all nature is busy about him; every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burthen or dead weight upon the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the common-wealth or to

the maintenance of himself and family, consider that instinct with which providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. We read in the holy scriptures, that they lay up provisions against the winter. Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise. If there were no future account expected of spending our time, the immediate inconvenience that attends a life of idleness, should of itself be persuasion enough to men of sense to avoid it. Arguments drawn from future rewards and punishments, are things too remote for the consideration of stubborn and inconsiderate youth: they are affected by such only as propose immediate pleasure or pain; as the strongest persuasive to the children of *Israel*, was a land flowing with milk and honey. There is more toil, fatigue and uneasiness in sloth, than can be found in any employment a man may put himself upon. If a slothful man has any common business upon his hands, numberless objections arise, that make the dispatch of it impossible; and he cries out as in the proverbs of *Solomon*, there is a lion in the way, a lion in the streets; that is, there is some difficulty or another, which to his imagination is as invincible as a lion really would be. The man, on the contrary, that applies himself to books, or business, contracts a cheerful confidence in all his undertakings, from the daily improvement of his knowledge or fortune, and he has a constant cheerfulness in his visage and conversation.

*On Charity.*B.——A.——to D.——W.——*London.**May 10, 1760.*

I AM every day, my dear friend, more and more delighted with the *English*; and every day conceive higher notions of this great and happy people. Their nobles are princes; their merchants are nobles. Liberty and humanity, inviolable justice and universal benevolence seem to have taken their residence in this favoured island.—You will be charmed with the account I sent you of the solemn court of judicature *, which I beheld with astonishment and veneration; and you will scarcely credit the report I have made of the unanimous determination of that august body.—I was at an assembly of a different sort, but one which gave me almost equal pleasure last Thursday. It was a charitable meeting at the grand cathedral of the city, for the support of widows and orphans of the clergy.

Nothing can exceed the beneficence of the *English*. I have been collecting the names and designs of their public charities, a list of which is now before me; and the perusal of it makes my heart burn within me. No distress to which humanity is liable, escapes their compassionate eye. The voice of sorrow is heard by their attentive ears, and the complaint of anguish never is made unavailing. From the womb to the grave, from the pregnant mother to palsied and feeble old-age, the relief of charity is extended; the young and desolate are fed and taught, and the sick are

* He means the Trial of Lord Ferrers.

visited and relieved : the orphans find fathers, the widows husbands, the penitent an house of refuge: even grief is seen to smile at the comforts bestowed, and pain forgets itself, to bless and praise it's benefactors—Happy nation, these are works truly divine : these are works that cannot fail to secure the favour of providence!—

But in the noble charity I was mentioning, magnificence contends with piety ; and all the pomp of sacred musick awakens the soul to the finest sensations. The primate of the clergy, the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, (a man of whom you must conceive the highest things, as assure yourself I hear the highest, even from his brethren) dignified the solemnity with his presence, seated under a canopy at the upper end of the choir ; and at his right hand, as well as on the opposite side, sat several other bishops ; the chief person in this wealthy and great city, whom they call the Lord Mayor, in his proper robes of scarlet, attended also, and was placed in a seat appointed for him.—The body of Aldermen, whence this annual magistrate is chosen, men of the first reputation and fortunes in the city, were present, seated at the Lord-Mayor's right hand, in their proper habits. The choir was filled with the most brilliant assembly imaginable of ladies and gentlemen, in elegant dresses. You have often heard, and we have often talked, of the English ladies, But indeed they beggar all description. Shall I freely confess to you (but if I confess it not, I know you'll think so) that my attention was strongly engaged by the many beautiful objects before me : wherever I cast my eyes, I found something to detain them ; and when I had observed one fair lady, conceiving her inferior to none, another immediately caught my notice ; and another then succeeded, the last still excelling, or seeming to excel the former—Pardon this digression.—The solemn service

service began; and the ravishing strains of the inimitable *Handel*, (whose compositions we so often have admired together) performed by a full band, and by the best masters, both instrumental and vocal musick, wrapt me beyond myself; and gave me the most exquisite delight. Surely there is a pleasure in sacred musick, sensible and affecting beyond all other. Our reason approves what our fancy admires;——and we seem to be acting consistently, whilst enjoying the praises of the God of glory.—An eminent divine preached a sermon in recommendation of the charity; I am not yet sufficiently skilled in the language to be a judge of his composition; but I conceive that I am in some sort a judge of his subject; and methinks could want but little persuasion to throw in my mite to the assistance of their orphans and widows, who minister to us in sacred things; and whose very functions preclude them, in the general, from earthly acquisitions; who are obliged to appear in the world with decency and propriety and incapacitated to lay up, from their stipends, for the proper support of their families: families, the rather to be supported with the greatest tenderness, as accustomed to the better things of life; and therefore feeling with more exquisite sensibility, the load of want and misery, which they have not been used to bear: and drinking the cup of adversity, mixed with peculiar bitterness, as drugged with the sad remembrance of the better days of prosperity and peace. For you are to know, that when the father dies, all his present dies with him to the helpless widow, and his destitute children!

After the service was concluded, they proceeded in grand procession to one of the halls, which belongs to the companies in this city, of which there are several, and which are very large and superb; where a noble and plentiful entertainment

was

was provided, and where a great number of clergy and laity assembled to promote and encourage this charitable design, in much harmony united together, and freely and generously contributed to the beneficent work. I cannot fail to mention that amongst the gentlemen, there was one, who as I am informed, is both a Jew and a broker; who gave an hundred pounds, which it seems he has done for some years past, and probably will continue to do, as he is wealthy and generous; and merits the commendation, he, doubtless, receives, for an act of such particular generosity. Upon the whole, my dear friend, I am certain above eleven hundred pounds were raised.—Eleven hundred pounds in one hall, and by one society! and to encrease your wonder, something of this kind is always going forwards! At least for these few weeks which I have been in *England* I have never seen one of their news-papers, without some advertisement or intelligence of some of these meetings. I read not long since of a *London Hospital*, for sick and lame, where they gathered twelve or fourteen hundred pounds—And two or three occasional charities—One even to cloath their enemies, the French prisoners, have collected in a short space of time, several thousand pounds!—Will not this give you a great and venerable idea of the English nation? Of which, was I in a few words to draw the present character, I would say it is a warlike and wealthy nation: full of glory and full of riches; sensible of its own happiness, and blest with the most harmonious union. Abounding in the best benevolence, generous, humane, charitable; happy in a monarch, the delight of his people, happy in a prince the heir of his grandfather's throne and virtues, and universally esteemed for his amiable qualities: happy in a minister, the phoenix of his time, the glory and delight of Britain.—Happy in all things, which a free and great people can desire—And if prosperity doth not relax

lax them ; If they persevere in valour and virtue ; persevere to deserve and to draw down the protection of Heaven, by such deeds, as at present distinguish them — Their enemies can entertain but feeble hopes. — For if God be on their side, how shall they not do great acts ?

*—Lasting charity's more ample sway,
Not bound by time, nor subject to decay :
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless bliss diffuse, and endless praise receive.*

*Character of an imperious Publican, grown
rich by his business.*

THEY are very careful to oblige at first,
But as they thrive, like curs, they grow more
curst,

Full cellars and full pockets change the scene,
Makes the ale-draper prince, his spouse a queen.
The cobbler then must at a distance keep,
And porters with their hats, in hand must creep ;
None such must hover o'er the kitchen fire,
They no such paltry company do desire :
Sit up, you fellow, move your seat, you clown,
And let my master such a one sit down.
Pray walk, I keep a publick house 'tis true ;
But do not light my fires for such as you.
In comes a neighbouring servant for some ale,
Pray dash it with a little drop of stale :
I've brought no money, you must set it down,
The maid's thus answer'd by him very soon ;
Pray tell your master I shall draw no more,
Until he comes or sends to clear his score ;
I'd rather in my cellar keep my beer,
Than send it out on trust ! I know not where.

Perhaps

Perhaps some neighbouring tradesman does appear :

Where shall we be, to drink a pot of beer ;
Can't we go up, no marry, says the dame,
None has been up stairs since the room was clean.
Here, boy, the bell, or else the kitchen show,
Good gentlemen, I'm sure, have sat below.
Nay, if we can't go up, we will not stay,
I'll warrant we'll find houses where we may.
We do not want your custom, you mistake,
Pray march, one swallow won't a summer make :
Thus is the meanness of their nature shewn,
No sooner prosperous, but imperious grown :
By wealth made haughty, by misfortune cow'd ;
When poor too humble ; and when rich too proud.

—Whoever to popular praises aspire,
Must do't by much trouble and cost ;
Tho' a very good name is so hard to acquire,
Yet nothing's so easily lost.
The turns and the changes of fame and of fate,
Is to no mortal power foreknown,
They may raise us to day, by good means to be
great,
Yet to-morrow may tumble us down.
May therefore your prudence and conduct be such,
That the city may honour your name ;
And give you such praise that no envy can touch,
Or malice deservedly blame.

The happy Fire-side.

THE Hearth was clean, the fire clear,
The kettle on for tea,
Ranger was in his elbow chair,
As blest as man could be.

Cl.

Clarinda who his heart possess'd,
 And was his new-made bride,
 With head inclin'd upon his breast,
 Sat toying by his side.
 Stretch'd at his feet in happy state,
 A fav'rite dog was laid,
 By whom a little sportive cat
 In wanton humour play'd.
Clarinda's hand he gently press'd,
 She stole am am'rous kifs,
 And blushing modestly confess'd,
 The fulness of her blifs.
Ranger with merry heart elate,
 Pray'd to the mighty *Jove*,
 That it might constant be his fate,
 Just so to live and love.
 Be this my pleasure, then he cry'd,
 And tho' no more be given,
 Continue thus my Fire-side,
 It representeth Heaven.

On Miss Fanny Careless.

CA R E L E S S by name, and careless by na-
 ture,
 Careless of shape, and careless of feature,
 Careless in dress, and careless in air,
 Careless in riding in coach or in chair,
 Careless of love, and careless of hate;
 Careless if crook'd, and careless if strait.
 Careless at table, and careless in bed,
 Careless if maiden, and careless if wed;
 Careless at church, and careless at play,
 Careless if company go or they stay.
 Careless if *Strephon* shew any desire;
 Careless of what—all the sex does admire;

Ev'n

Ev'n careless at tea, not minding chit chat,
 So careless ! she's careless for this or for that.
 Careless of all, love or wit can propose,
 She's careless, — so careless, — there's no body
 knows.

Were you careful for once, to continue in love,
 I car'd not how careless to others you prove.
 I then should be careless how careless you were ;
 And the more careless you, still the less I should
 care.

D. B. to C. S. on *Misers and Prodigals.*

SIR,

AMONG the many properties of human nature, which almost exceed comprehension, comes the parsimony of the rich, and the extravagance of the poor. Some rich men spare to-day, as if they feared starving to-morrow ; and the indigent often consume in an hour, what they may feel the want of for a year. These properties are the more unaccountable, because parsimony is chiefly found to predominate in old people, who may expect death every day ; and extravagance chiefly in the young, who may reasonably hope to live long ; as if old people hoarded money because they cannot want it ; and young ones threw it away, because it is necessary to their subsistence. This conduct must be ascribed to the inconsiderate passions, or folly of man : for I can see no sense or reason in it.

I have weighed the arguments, which rich old men employ to defend their parsimony ; and find them mere pretexts. It is certainly absurd, that a
 man

man should make great preparations for a long journey, when he is just at the end of it.

The father of a family indeed may, with some appearance of reason, defend his frugality, as necessary to provide for his children. This argument of a father for saving, generally passes for just: but if truly considered, it will often be found a colour put on to conceal a vanity.

I cannot approve of those, who make the natural relations between parents and children, to be merely imaginary. I abominate the behaviour of *Aristippus*, who being reminded of his duty to his children, as parts of himself, spit upon the ground, and cried, "that also is part of me." The person mentioned by *Plutarch* spoke unlike a philosopher, when being admonished of his obligation to his brother, replied, "The obligation consists merely in this, that we both came by the same road into the world." Nor will I suppose with certain philosophers, that the relationship betwixt husband and wife, father and children, ceases after death; or that such human regards take no place in another life. I am far from going these lengths; because such doctrines, if they could be proved, might produce neglect and carelessness in the world, to the great prejudice of human affairs. It is just and proper to abide even by certain weaknesses, which tend to support society, and promote felicity.

Careful observers, who suffer not themselves to be dazzled with appearances, rest assured that our chief duty to our children, is to give them a suitable and good education; and that the leaving them possessed of great wealth, may turn more to their prejudice than advantage. A moderate fortune left to children, excites their industry, tends to improve their understandings, and in some measure obliges them to become useful members of society.

Ex-

Experience shews, that the providing for a wife and children, is usually no more than a pretence for avarice. If it was a true reason, men would set certain bounds to themselves! and only acquire such an estate, as might support the proper expence of their heirs; whereas, in fact, the desire of getting is unlimited; and he who possesses an hundred thousand pounds, is as anxious to acquire more, as he who is worth but a thousand. And hence an old married man defends his desire of getting, with as sorry arguments as an old batchelor. They both add interest to principal, without seeing why; and they would both do better to acknowledge their vanity, than make use of arguments that cannot excuse it. Our nature is such, that as soon as we set a-part a sum, which we do not design to touch, there presently arises in our minds a desire to augment it: and the greater the principal is, the more attractive it becomes; according to the law of gravitation, found in the physical world. *M. Crassus* was one of the richest subjects we know of; but his parsimony and wealth increased proportionably. *Plutarch* relates, that this *Crassus* had every day a philosopher at his house; and used to lend him a hat to screen him from the sun, in their walks; but never once forgot to ask for the hat again, when the walk was ended.

We daily hear avarice complained of, censured and reprov'd; and the inconveniences, plagues, and dangers of riches represented in the strongest manner; yet the miser continues a miser still. He thinks the exclamation of men against riches, resembles the fox's contempt of the grapes; and sees those who preach the keenest against wealth, do not sink out of its way, but willingly accept of the load, when offered, with all its incumbrances. Nay, these despisers of wealth commonly grow anxious about it, when once they have got it: and then find

find the temptations and allurements of riches not so easy to combat as they imagined.

I cannot discover an adequate cause of covetousness. What should move a man to undergo trouble, anxiety, and disquietude, in raking up money not for himself, but another, perhaps a profligate, or even an enemy? I therefore attribute this passion to the folly of man; which, we see, may sometimes rise so high as to make some misers actually starve themselves. Avarice, in such a degree, is a shocking disease; and properly compared to that dropsy, wherein the more a man drinks, the more thirstily he grows, and the sooner he dies. Nay, this disease is like witchcraft; for the miser does not possess his money, but his money possesses him. Hence, tho' covetousness be an odious failing, it seems a characteristic of man, as a creature that does not know himself.

We do not usually distinguish betwixt the squandering and hoarding kind of avarice; and therefore use the same word to express both these passions; which are not only different but opposite vices. The hoarding miser neglects, but the squandering miser takes care of his health. The hoarder punishes only himself, but the squanderer punishes the public. The hoarder is not so anxious to scrape for more, as to watch over what he has got; whence his avarice becomes his torment. The hoarder may be esteemed an innocent subject, in comparison of the squanderer, who throws away with one hand, what he gets with the other; and employs all sorts of means, lawful and unlawful, to raise a fund for supporting his daily extravagance. It happens to these squanderers as to severish persons; who by the heat and too great expences of juices, are constantly obliged to drink.

Hoarding avarice is the more rare and absurd; but squandering avarice more common and hurtful. Hoarding avarice is a mysterious passion, unintel-

ligi-

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find

find the temptations and allurements of riches not so easy to combat as they imagined.

I cannot discover an adequate cause of covetousness. What should move a man to undergo trouble, anxiety, and disquietude, in raking up money not for himself, but another, perhaps a profligate, or even an enemy? I therefore attribute this passion to the folly of man; which, we see, may sometimes rise so high as to make some misers actually starve themselves. Avarice, in such a degree, is a shocking disease; and properly compared to that dropsy, wherein the more a man drinks, the more thirsty he grows, and the sooner he dies. Nay, this disease is like witchcraft; for the miser does not possess his money, but his money possesses him. Hence, tho' covetousness be an odious failing, it seems a characteristic of man, as a creature that does not know himself.

We do not usually distinguish betwixt the squandering and hoarding kind of avarice; and therefore use the same word to express both these passions; which are not only different but opposite vices. The hoarding miser neglects, but the squandering miser takes care of his health. The hoarder punishes only himself, but the squanderer punishes the public. The hoarder is not so anxious to scrape for more, as to watch over what he has got; whence his avarice becomes his torment. The hoarder may be esteemed an innocent subject, in comparison of the squanderer, who throws away with one hand, what he gets with the other; and employs all sorts of means, lawful and unlawful, to raise a fund for supporting his daily extravagance. It happens to these squanderers as to feverish persons; who by the heat and too great expences of juices, are constantly obliged to drink.

Hoarding avarice is the more rare and absurd; but squandering avarice more common and hurtful. Hoarding avarice is a mysterious passion, unintel-

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ligible as to its cause, and affords a specimen of human folly ; but squandering avarice is easy to understand and shews an example of human vice. Indeed, both deserve chastisement : hoarding avarice by shame and oral reproof ; but the squandering avarice by corporal punishment.

There are different kinds of squandering avarice. Some prove, at the same time, both hoarders and squanderers ; tho' such instances are rare : for we commonly find, that the squandering miser is as little disposed to keep what he gets ; as the hoarding miser is to part with it.

There is another error frequently committed in the description of covetousness. A man may be so generous, as rather to deserve the name of extravagant ; yet pass in the world for a miser : another shall save every shilling, and yet be thought generous. These kinds of judgments are not formed from the quantity, but the manner of the expence. It is customary to judge of a man's expences by his cellar and kitchen ; so that if his table be well served, he acquires the reputation of a generous man, among those who do not reflect, that money must also be laid out upon other occasions. He who purchases books, pictures, statues, or other productions of artificers, shall be called a covetous man ; and he who contributes to the support chiefly of taverns, shall acquire the character of generous.

The poor squanderer is a stranger phenomenon than the rich miser. It is hard to understand why any man should watch over a treasure, which he never designs to use ; but much more difficult, to comprehend how many should, in opposition to the certain foreknowledge of his poverty, the contempt of the world, imprisonment, and other impending misfortunes, never think, even to the last, of curbing his extravagance. If covetousness resemble a dropsy, extravagance resembles madness :
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and it would be as just to prescribe laws for extravagants, as guardians to Idiots. When this vice comes to it's height, it proves destructive to society ; for, an extravagant, like the breaking of a banker, not only hurts himself, but ruins numbers. It is incomprehensible how any rational creature should be totally subdued by this passion. Profuseness indeed sometimes acquires the appellation of generosity ; and the extravagant so long as he remains possessed of his estate, is highly esteemed and caressed by parasites and flatterers. And this adulation may be some motive to the extravagant ; but should not a certain foresight of his misfortunes be some check upon him too ? Poverty and want are sure to fall heavy upon him.

The extravagant has nothing to expect but the severest hardships, after his quick transition from a King to a beggar. I can find no rational motive for this extravagance ; at least for that part of it, consisting in pomp and show, and equipage, which afford little advantage ; and chiefly serve to make the fall more conspicuous. Yet how many Gentlemen are thus metamorphosed into beggars ? We daily see young flanders in gilt chariots, dashing the dirt upon wiser people ; then presently afterwards walking the streets, and receiving the dirt of others.

The hoarding miser torments himself ; and the spendthrift punishes the innocent. The hoarder thinks so much of the time to come, as to forget the present ; the squanderer has his thoughts so taken up with the present, as to neglect the future. The first lives as if he was never to die ; and the last as if he had but a day to enjoy. Both are unprofitable members of Society ; the one occasioning a stoppage in the circulation ; and the other an extravagance in consuming his substance. The hoarding miser is like a fog that infects the air ; the prodigal resembles an outrageous storm, that
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overturns all in it's way. The hoarder passes restless nights, though he has nothing to fear; the squanderer sleeps sound, and leaves want of repose to his creditors. The hoarding miser is a ridiculous creature; and the prodigal a noxious animal.

Meditation in the night, by a Lady.

W H E N now the twinkling stars essay,
 A faint resemblance of the day:
 And when the Moon with silver light
 Governs the solemn noon of night;
 When every thing is hush'd around,
 In silence awful and profound,
 Let me my wandering thoughts remove,
 And grave reflection once improve!
 Restless, alas! from Sun to Sun,
 A round of folly I have run;
 While others slept, I sleeping lay,
 My night as thoughtless as the day:
 Now calmly let me meditate
 On life and death, and future state:
 Approaching Death his pace will keep,
 Let mortals watch, or let them sleep.
 Hark! what sound's that! a passing bell,
 Some mortal has bid life farewell!
 Poor soul! whose doom this moment shews,
 Of endless bliss, or endless woes!
 If virtue's laws thou hast despis'd,
 How would that virtue now be priz'd;
 Or say didst thou in this loose age,
 On her forsaken side engage,
 Would'st thou the dear remembrance now
 For the world's monarchy forego?
 Let the bold Atheist now draw near,
 And try thy drooping heart to cheer:

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His briskest wit, and wine to thee,
 Alike insipid now shall be,
 Death only gives a pleasure to the just,
 Their practice Virtue, and their God their Trust.

*A Letter from a Lawyer in Town, to a
 new married Officer in the Country, in
 time of Peace.*

L E T T E R S in prose, my friend, are
 common,
 As pride in man, or wit in woman.
 Our annual curse of long vacation,
 To business giving a cessation,
 Affords me time to thus salute ye,
 And pay in rhyme this friendly duty.
 Now rightly knowing which is worse,
 The lawyers, or the poets curse,
 Both silenc'd, with an empty purse.
 For now our pens, upon our words,
 Are grown as useless as your swords;
 We having but a little writing,
 As God be thanked, you have fighting.
 You may draw swords, so we may pen,
 To shew our tools of war, and then,
 Like fools, e'en put 'em up again.
 And now dear friend I change my strain,
 And grieve to think weak man so vain,
 That resolutions made of late,
 Against a matrimonial state,
 Should not defend you from the curse
 Of fools, for better or for worse.
 Prithee now tell what means this riddle,
 That you should be so fond and idle,
 To eclipse the freedom of your life,
 With that dull mournful clog a wife;

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What if she's youthful, rich and fair,
 And virtuous too, she's still a care,
 These are but chains to bind thee faster,
 And make man's plague the more his master.
 Since married, I account thee one,
 Who the best threads of's life has spun;
 And now his misery's just begun.
 But use this caution thro' thy life,
 Be a good husband, please your wife,
 And with true fondness plainly prove,
 That she's the object of your love.
 You know, my friend, what can't be cur'd,
 It's said of old, must be endur'd:
 Since that's your case, I'll so befriend you,
 As with all happiness attend you.
 May she prove just (I hope she's fair)
 Calm, kind and good, as angels are.
 Nay your whole lives be harmony;
 Mutual your loves, from troubles free;
 And dutiful your progeny.
 May she so live, that all her joys
 May prove her merit, not her choice:
 And to compleat that happiness
 I truly wish you to possess,
 To your fair bride may you prove true,
 And good to her, as she to you.

*A Lady to her Friend, advising her to live
a single Life.*

PERMIT me neighbour to congratulate
 Your inclination to a single state;
 Those who would live quite undisturb'd and
 free,
 Must never put on Hymen's livery;

For

For tho' the outside seems to promise fair,
 Within 'tis lin'd with grief and anxious care.
 If once you let the gordian knot be ty'd,
 That turns the name of virgin into bride ;
 By that fond act, you life's best scenes forego,
 And run into a labyrinth of woe ;
 The married life affords but little ease,
 For wives and husbands both are hard to please ;
 This by their careful faces you may tell ;
 Tho' they dissemble their misfortunes well.
 If aught can make the ills of marriage less,
 'Tis certainly a husband's worthiness,
 For him at best you will a torment find
 Who is not truly virtuous, wise, and kind ;
 Obedience does a grateful duty prove,
 When husbands can return us love for love.
 Altho' we see so many badly wed,
 Yet 'tis a fate that few young ladies dread ;
 For loves insinuating fire they fan
 With the idea of a god-like man :
 Let him be weak or wicked, love's so blind,
 She thinks him like the image of her mind.
Chloris and *Phyllis* gloried in their swains,
 And sang their praises on the neighbouring plains.
 Oh ! they were brave, accomplish'd, saint-like
 men :

All good, till married—but prov'd bad men then.
 A maiden life affords the most content ;
 'Tis always happy, as 'tis innocent :
 Clear as *Olympus*, bright and full of ease,
 Calm and unruffled as the summer seas :
 No sleeps are broken with domestic cares,
 No crying children to disturb our prayers ;
 No pangs of child-birth to extort our tears,
 No blustering husbands to create new fears ;
 No rude upbraiding that defect or this ;
 No great concern let who will keep a Miss,

No slighting or affrightment at the glass,
 When it presents us with a ruin'd face :
 But such an object makes a wife to start,
 And almost tempts her to adult'rate art.
 Knowing a husband's love does oft decay,
 As youth and beauty fade and wear away :
 And therefore, neighbour, be advis'd by me,
 Turn, turn apostate to love's deity ;
 Suppress wild nature, if she dares rebel,
 And then most certainly you will do well.

A Courtier's Advice to his Son.

TALENTS, wealth, and employments give pretensions to esteem, but virtue alone gives a right to it. Get esteem : but do not be eager to spread your reputation : The more it is diffused, the more uncertain it becomes ; nothing is so prejudicial to one's fortune as to bring one's honour and reputation into question. Take care of falling into the madness of projects : never form any yourself, and make your advantage of those that are introduced by others. If you are obliged to chuse, keep rather fair with a fool than a man of sense. At court stupidity is more mischievous than malice. Nothing is more dangerous than an exasperated fool. Never make your self enemies, and especially powerful enemies. At court merit rises by cringing, and incapacity by impudence. Cringe therefore with a little impudence. Be always on your guard against a person whom you know guilty of a known villainy. The heart of a man can no more be changed than his complexion. In whatever situation you are, behave with infinite circumspection towards every man that is only a courtier. I do not know any thing

thing more dangerous than an idle person who desires to make himself formidable. Do not desire to be promoted before you become a man of consequence. Perswade the public, that whilst you can set no bounds to your services, you can without difficulty limit your ambition. May you, my son, be happy, and a man of honour, an esteemed courtier, and an inestimable citizen.

To a young Nobleman.

BEGIN, my Lord in early youth
 To suffer, nay, encourage truth ;
 And blame me not for disrespect,
 If I the flatterer's stile reject ;
 With that by menial tongues supply'd,
 You're daily cocker'd up in pride.
 The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit,
 Be virtue then your first pursuit ;
 Set your great ancestors in view,
 Like them deserve the title too ;
 Like them ignoble actions scorn :
 Let virtue prove you greatly born.
 Tho' with less plate their side-board shone,
 Their conscience always was their own ;
 They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
 Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd ;
 Their hands by no corruption stain'd,
 The ministerial bribe disdain'd ;
 They serv'd the Crown with loyal zeal,
 Yet jealous of the public weal,
 They stood the bulwark of our laws,
 And wore at heart their country's cause ;
 By neither place nor pension bought,
 They spoke and voted as they thought.
 Thus did your fires adorn their seat ;
 And such alone are truly great.

If you the paths of learning slight,
 You're but a dunce in stronger light :
 In foremost rank the coward plac'd,
 Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
 If you, to serve a paltry end,
 To knavish jobs can condescend,
 We pay you the contempt that's due ;
 In that you have precedence too.
 Whence had you this illustrious name ;
 From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
 By birth the name alone descends ;
 Your honour on yourself depends.
 Think not your coronet can hide
 Assuming ignorance and pride :
 Learning by study must be won,
 'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
 Superior worth your rank requires,
 For that mankind reveres your fires :
 If you degenerate from your race,
 Their merits heighten your disgrace. —————
 We frequently misplace esteem
 By judging men by what they seem.
 To birth, wealth, pow'r, we should allow
 Precedence and our lowest bow :
 In that is due distinction shown :
 Esteem is virtue's right alone.
 With partial eye we're apt to see
 The man of noble pedigree.
 We're prepossess'd my Lord inherits
 In some degree his grandsires merits ;
 For thotewe find upon record,
 But find him nothing, but my Lord.
 When we with superficial view
 Gaze on the rich we're dazzl'd too :
 We know that wealth well understood,
 Hath frequent pow'r of doing good ;
 Then fancy that the thing is done,
 As if the pow'r and will were one.

Thus

Thus oft the cheated crowd adore,
The thriving knaves that keep 'em poor.—

Beware of drunkenness : it impaireth the understanding, wasteth the estate ; banisheth reputation ; consumeth the body ; and rendereth a man of the brightest parts the common jest of an insignificant clown.—

Honour is like that glassy bubble
Which finds philosophers such trouble,
Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly,
And wits are crackt to find out why.

On requesting of Favours, &c.

BEGGING is not so vile a trade,
As some imagine—some have made,
Vary the stile, or change the dress ;
You'll find, 'tis what we all profess :
The difference lies 'twixt rich and poor,
Some beg for little—others more.—

Think no man happy, because he outwardly appears so. What ! tho' providence has largely endowed him, and fortune seems fawningly to court him ; suppose him blest with plentiful stores, his substance daily encreasing, and every enterprize successful ; the world affords no joy, that he possesses not, and his days seem one continued scene of happiness ; yet still his bliss may not be sterling, and there may be some alloy, that may give an abridgment to his happiness. His mind may be unquiet ; many anxious thoughts may privately gnaw his vitals, and utterly overthrow the conceited idea of joy. If men could plainly distinguish,
and

and perceive the secret misfortunes of their neighbours, few would be desirous to change stations with them.—

That all from *Adam* first began,
 None but ungodly people doubts,
 And that his son and his son's son,
 Were all but plowmen, clowns, and louts.
 Each when his rustic pains began,
 To merit pleaded equal right,
 'Twas only who left off at noon,
 Or who went on to work till night.
 But coronets we owe to Crowns,
 And favour to a court's affection,
 By nature we are *Adam's* sons,
 But sons of grandeur by election.
*King's*ale eight hundred years have roll'd,
 Since thy forefathers held the plow,
 When this shall be in story told,
 Add, that our kindred do so now.
 The man who by his labour gets
 His bread, in independent state,
 Who never begs, and seldom eats,
 Himself can fix, or change his fate.

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